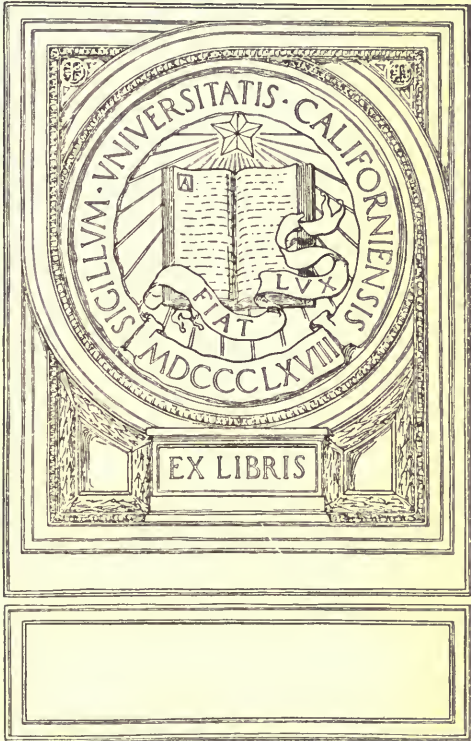


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THE
FALL OF THE MOGUL,
A TRAGEDY.

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THE

FALL OF THE MOGUL,

A Tragedy,

FOUNDED ON AN INTERESTING PORTION OF INDIAN
HISTORY, AND ATTEMPTED PARTLY ON THE
GREEK MODEL.

WITH OTHER OCCASIONAL POEMS.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.

L M

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
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AND SOLD BY J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

1806.

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TO

JOHN NEAVE, ESQ.

WHO,

WITH EQUAL TALENTS AND INTEGRITY,

RECENTLY FILLED A DISTINGUISHED STATION,

AT BENARES,

THIS TRAGEDY,

WITH THE SUBSEQUENT POEMS,

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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1st July, 1806.

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INTRODUCTION.



THE subject of the Tragedy for which I have now to solicit the public candour, is the subversion of a mighty Empire, effected by the well-known irruption into India of NADIR SHAH, the usurper of the Persian Throne, in the year 1738. This empire, called, from Timur and his Tartar descendants, the conquerors of India in preceding centuries, that of the MOGULS, comprehended, at the death of Aurengzebe in 1707, a tract of country extending, according to Major Rennel*, from the *tenth* to the *thirty-fifth* degree of north latitude, and nearly as much in longitude, and produced a revenue exceeding thirty-two millions sterling, which, in a country where, as that writer observes, the products of the earth are about four times as cheap as in England, is an enormous annual amount.

“Aurengzebe”—the reader will be pleased to pardon a short extract from my own historical re-

* Memoir. Introduction, p. 63, edit. 1788.

lation of the important events of this period—
 “Aurengzebe left the richest and most powerful
 “empire in the world to be rent asunder and con-
 “vulsed to its very centre, by the ambitious conten-
 “tions of his surviving offspring. India had not
 “for ages seen two such immense armies assembled
 “on her plains, as those which accompanied to the
 “field his sons Azem Shah and Mahommed Mau-
 “zim, the rival competitors for his vacant throne.
 “The black and aggravated crimes by which the
 “father himself ascended to empire, seem to have
 “been avenged by Heaven in the successive de-
 “struction of his immediate descendants. From
 “the death of the victorious Mauzim to the irrup-
 “tion from Persia in 1738, there occurs a period
 “of Indian history the events of which it is pain-
 “ful to record,—a period deeply stained with blood,
 “and marked by many progressive scenes of na-
 “tional calamity, the effect of that general anar-
 “chy and that uncontrolled spirit of faction which
 “diffused itself among the Omrahs at the court of
 “Delhi*.”

Not to enter, in this place, into those particular details which will more properly occupy the pages of the work alluded to, it will be sufficient to ob-

* History of Hindostan, vol. i. p. 16, published by White, Fleet-street.

serve here, that two of those factious Omrahs, the most powerful by birth and fortune in all the empire, denominated the SEYDS (Seyd Abdalla, and Seyd Hossan,) possessed influence and power enough to dethrone or murder three successive emperors, viz. Jehander Shah, Furroksere who granted the English East India company their *Firmaun*, or Patent, exempting them from paying any duties in his dominions, and Rasseih Al Dirjat. Their combined authority, also, raised to the throne MAHOMMED SHAH, the unfortunate monarch whose sufferings this Drama records; but attempting to keep him bound in the same chains with which they had manacled his predecessors, this prince in a short time exerted himself with sufficient promptitude and energy to subvert their overgrown power, causing Hossan to be assassinated in his tent, when on an expedition towards the Deccan, and afterwards vanquishing Abdalla, in a pitched battle, whom he generously permitted to live, and allowed a handsome pension for his support in confinement.

This event took place in A. D. 1720; and had Mahommed continued to act, throughout his long reign, with that decision and vigour which marked its commencement, the dreadful catastrophe that

happened nineteen years afterwards might have been prevented: but having annihilated his enemies, and enjoying the throne without a rival, he seems from that moment to have sunk down into a fatal apathy and inglorious indolence; to have indulged in all the excesses of Eastern luxury and intemperance; and, his intellects having by those excesses in some degree become impaired, to have willingly resigned to his courtiers the command of that sceptre which the SEYDS had taken by violence from his predecessors.

To obtain the dominion over a prince who possessed the supreme sovereignty of nearly the fourth of Asia, was an object of no vulgar nor unanimated contention. The empire was again convulsed to its centre by the struggles of the great Viceroys for that envied distinction. Two of the more powerful Omrahs, named Kamir-o'deen Khan, and Khandoran, the former in the office of Vizier, the latter in that of Bukhshi, or paymaster-general, at length gained such an entire ascendancy over their weak master, that the highest places of trust and emolument in the empire were disposed of at their sole will and pleasure. The favourites were not without considerable abilities, but unfortunately were, like their sovereign, immersed in every species of voluptuous

dissipation; to gratify which the public treasures were devoted. The arm of government was in consequence universally relaxed; the distant provinces were in a state bordering on rebellion, and the warlike tribe of the Mahrattas had spread their ravages even to the confines of Delhi.

SADIT KHAN* was at this period Viceroy of Oude, and was an officer equally renowned for long experience and steady valour. At the desire of the Emperor he took the field at the head of a large body of troops, disciplined by himself, and, having driven the marauders from his own province, joined the forces of the Empire assembled for the protection of the capital under the Vizier, and Khandoran. By his exertions principally, although these Omrahs arrogated to themselves distinguished honours in the affair, the enemy was repulsed, and the Empire saved. Sadit, not thinking his merits sufficiently noticed or rewarded by the Emperor, and perhaps insulted by his ministers, retired in disgust to his province.

Exalted far beyond all these in celebrity, both as a warrior and a statesman, in the remote region of the south, in little less than royal magnificence,

* Softened in the Drama into Sadi, a name not uncommon in Asiatic History.

and with only nominal dependence on the crown of Delhi, flourished the great Nizam-al-Muluck. He had been one of the favourite Generals of Aurengzebe, of whose maxims, both military and political, he was an ardent admirer, and therefore could not behold without a mixture of extreme contempt and indignation, the very opposite plan of government pursued by his effeminate successor. By the vigour of his administration, and the terror of his arms, he had preserved the Deccan, and the adjoining region, free from the depredations of the Mahrattas, and had frequently defeated them, when commanding the Imperial forces, in distant provinces. To this distinguished character the well-meaning Emperor had recourse for advice and assistance in the fatal extremity to which the Empire was reduced: he was offered the high post of ASOPH JAH, a title greater than that of Vizier, with an unlimited control over the military and financial departments; and he repaired to Delhi in the confident hope of restoring public order, and that rigid discipline which under Akbar and Aurengzebe had raised the Empire to such an envied pitch of grandeur and prosperity. Whatever beneficial projects, however, he had formed, were rendered wholly abortive by the

superior and unbounded influence which the favourites had obtained over the mind of the King. He was strenuously opposed in all his plans intended to promote reform and œconomy. Khândoran, and the whole tribe of courtiers, obedient to his nod, made both him, and them, the constant subject of their ridicule, and at length carried their insults so far, that, finding it useless to complain to the Emperor, and pleading urgent necessity for his presence in Deccan, he retired thither with rage and indignation in his heart, and a full resolution to take a deep and speedy revenge for those insults. Instead of repressing the Mahrattas, he, thenceforth, encouraged them to make inroads on the provinces bordering on the capital; and those unwarlike ministers were glad to purchase peace by paying the invaders the heavy tribute of the *Chaut*, or quarter part of the clear revenues of the provinces thus redeemed from rapine.

At length, finding nothing could rouse the court from its inglorious slumber, and determined rather to make the Empire a *wreck* than leave that revenge unsatiated, he joined with Sadit Khan in the iniquitous project of inviting Nadir Shah, at that time engaged in besieging Candahar, to march his victorious army into Hindostan. Nadir

Shah obeyed the summons, and appeared on the plains of Karnal, a few leagues from Delhi, at the head, according to Fraser, of 100,000 horse. The army of Mahommed, when collected together, amounted to five times that number; but the immense difference between the two armies, in point of personal bravery and of discipline, gave that decided superiority to the former, which soon determined matters in their favour, after a very short conflict, in which not a third of either host were engaged. Nadir immediately marched into Delhi, seized the famous throne constructed in the form of a peacock, of the richest Oriental jewels arranged according to the colours that mark the plumage of that resplendent bird, (and which alone cost Shah Jehan eleven millions sterling,) with all the other imperial jewels and regalia. He found, also, an immense sum in coined money and bullion hoarded in the vaults under the palace, the accumulated wealth of ages; and on some resistance of the Delhians, who were cruelly beaten and tortured to make them discover their concealed wealth, he ordered a *general massacre*, in which one hundred thousand Indians perished. Nadir is supposed to have carried out of India, on the whole, seventy millions sterling; and though he

restored the crown to the vanquished Emperor; yet, as he had utterly drained the treasury, and thrown the whole government into a state of distraction and anarchy, from which it wanted vigour to emerge, that crown proved but a *shadow*. The Empire never recovered from the shock which it received from this irruption; the great Viceroys became gradually independent in their respective Soobahs, particularly the Nizam, who founded a powerful kingdom in the south; the Mahrattas, the Abdalli, and the Rohillas, by their reiterated inroads completed the dreadful work of devastation; and in less than twenty years, of all the immense domain conquered or inherited by Aurengzebe, only Delhi, and a small territory round it, remained to the fallen house of Timur.

So great and sudden a revolution, (only to be paralleled by one nearer our own times, and between which many resembling circumstances and characters may be traced by the *attentive reader*;) so vast and awful a vicissitude in human affairs, I considered as sufficiently interesting and important, both in a moral and political point of view, to become the subject of IMPERIAL TRAGEDY. By far the greater part of the incidents are founded on historical fact, and are recorded

in Fraser's and other histories of the Persian Usurper. The minor incidents, and the LOVE-PLOT, so indispensable in modern tragedy, derive their existence in part from the Author, and are made instrumental towards a more accurate display and complete development of the principal character, NADIR SHAH; in whose breast ambition, lust, and cruelty, seem alternately to have predominated, and who well merited the inglorious death which he met with, A. D. 1747, being assassinated at midnight in his tent; the result of a conspiracy entered into by the officers of his Persian troops, whom, it is authentically stated, he had doomed in the morning to indiscriminate massacre*. His nephew, ALI, who instigated his murderers to this deed of retributive vengeance, and who for a short time enjoyed the vacant throne,—to secure himself upon it, put all the princes, his descendants, to death in one day, to the number of *ninetcen*†, except Shahrokh, a youth about fourteen years old, whom he kept concealed

* The fact has been doubted; but all doubt is now removed by the publication of the "Memoirs of Khojeh Abdul Kurreem," a Persian nobleman, resident in the camp of Nadir. See those Memoirs, p. 190.

† Sir William Jones's Nadir Shah, p. 116, edit. 1773.

in a lonely tower at the city of Meshed for political purposes, and who finally revenged upon ALI the murder of his uncles and cousins; but, being himself soon after blinded by a fresh usurper, was rendered incapable of reigning over Persia, and was living in Korasan when Mr. Franklin visited Persia, in A. C. 1788*.

As another of Nadir's historians informs us, that at the time of his assassination he was "in bed with a daughter of the house of Timur, whom he had espoused in India†," there was sufficient ground for exhibiting Nadir in love with the granddaughter of Aurengzebe; though I thought it more consistent with the haughty spirit of that race, that she should undauntedly destroy herself at the altar to which she was dragged, than suffer the embraces of the detested subverter of that illustrious dynasty. Mahommed Shah wielded for a few years longer the enfeebled sceptre of India, and was succeeded by his son Sultan Hamed, (as the name is written by Orme, and therefore, to prevent confusion, adopted by me,) who, in an expedition against Abdallah in A. D. 1748, manifested a considerable portion of that heroic military ardour with which his character

* Franklin's Travels in Persia, p. 298.

† Hanway.

is invested in these pages, though then *quite a youth*. Nizam-al-mulúck, who, after Nadir's retreat, became in fact the sovereign of India, had influence enough to maintain his son Gazi-o-deen, and his grandson of the same name, after him, in the post of Captain-general and Vizier at Delhi to both these nominal emperors. By that grandson, in A. D. 1753, was Hamed eventually dethroned and blinded after a short reign of six years; and by the same sanguinary arm was Allumgeer, the second of the name, and father of the Mogul Shah Aulum, deposed and murdered. The menace, therefore, denounced, towards the close of the first act, to young Hamed, by the veteran chief of Deccan,

O'er all thy race a constant scourge I'll hang,
And wash away th' offence in royal blood,

was but too well fulfilled by himself and his posterity. It may also be added as a circumstance not a little singular, and indicative of the justice of that Providence which superintends human events, that as the treacherous Nizam had called in Nadir Shah, in 1738, to crush the Mogul, so Abdallah was, in 1756, invited by his successor on the tottering throne, to crush the overgrown power of the Nizam's family at Delhi; and the ruin of their affairs at that capital was the consequence. It was reserved

for Zumani*, the last wretched survivor of the *dramatis personæ* of this Tragedy, to see the final spark of the glory of the Mogul empire expire on the more recent visits to Delhi, at six different periods, of the ferocious Abdalli; in one of which a massacre of *seven days* continuance took place, which almost depopulated a capital, that, in the reign of Aurengzebe, contained nearly two millions of inhabitants. During those incursions, all the remaining wealth of Delhi was plundered; even the sepulchres of the dead were broken open for the ornaments that adorned them; and the stately palaces of the nobility, with most of the other public buildings of that antient city, were reduced to ashes.

The ill-fated Zumani, also, lived late enough to witness and to *feel* the more terrible desolations and boundless spoliage of the cruel, the sordid Rohilla chief Gholaum Kaudir, son of Zabetah Khan, who in the absence of Scindia, the Mahratta chief, then in possession of the capital, marched suddenly into Delhi, in July 1788, and in the fury of insatiable avarice tore down the plates of silver that overlaid the ceiling of the Divan, or great

* Zumani, the wife of Mahommed Shah, died at a great age in the year 1789: she was buried at Delhi, and her tomb near the Cabul gate is described by Mr. Franklin, who was at Delhi in 1793. *Asiat. Res.* vol. iv. p. 421. London edit.

hall of audience, and other state rooms of the palace, and broke up the floors of other apartments for concealed treasure, melting the silver bed-steads, sophas, and even kitchen utensils, to coin into money; and finally dethroning, and “stabbing out” the eyes of the aged, wretched, broken-hearted Emperor*.

The rival contests for power, and consequent carnage, of the invading armies of Mahomedan despots neither merit nor excite our pity. But what pen can adequately describe the miserable fate of the patient oppressed Hindoo, who for a long series of ages has beheld his beloved native region, by those contests, alternately made a desert, or deluged with blood! that blood, at the shedding of which he is led both by nature and his religion to shudder. To record scenes like those exhibited in this drama, and not at the same time to brand the unfeeling aggressors with the infamy their crimes deserve; not to have expressed a due abhorrence of the perpetration of such sanguinary and prolonged atrocities in the strongest terms language could afford, or

* Consult for these melancholy details, which are *facts*, not *fales*, a journal kept at Delhi of the daily ravages and cruelties of this monster in human form, translated and inserted in Scott's History of Dekkan, vol. ii. p. 285.

outraged humanity suggest; would have been to counteract all the avowed purposes of Tragedy, to sanction baseness, and canonize cruelty! I have therefore ventured, after the manner of the ANTIENT CHORUS, occasionally to bring forward a band of Brahmin priests, inflamed with a kind of holy fury on surveying the sacred land of their forefathers so basely defiled and so cruelly ravaged, calling aloud on both the Dii Majores and Minores of India, to pour down their collected vengeance on the successive invaders of their desolated country. By this means not only a greater interest is excited, and the scene considerably varied, but an opportunity was afforded me of poetically introducing into the piece, specimens of the mythology of that wonderful people, who, it should be remembered, independently of their three great Deities, viz. BRAHMA, whom they adore as the Creator; VEESHNU, as the Preserver, and SEEVA, as the Avenger, or Destroyer, personify all the attributes of God, and venerate all the elements of nature. To that superstitious race, the universe is a vast Pantheon, filled with intellectual beings of various classes and powers, from the Genii that preside in the sun and direct the planets, down to the subordinate Intelligences which rule over the

tribes of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. These various and powerful agents on the great theatre of nature are solemnly invoked, by persons fully persuaded of their existence, to the aid of agonizing virtue against lawless oppression; and both local circumstances and historical retrospect are made to combine their effect in producing the awful moral impressions which constitute the essence of tragical exhibition.

The RISE, and the PROSPERITY as well as the FALL, of a mighty empire are thus attempted to be depicted in the glowing language and in the superb scenery* of a drama devoted to inculcate the important truth, that the proudest fabric of human glory and grandeur is baseless, when energy and virtue are wanting to its support; for in no country or period of the world was imperial magnificence, with all its glittering insignia, displayed in such meridian splendour as at the court of Delhi, previously to the invasion of Nadir Shah. The flourishing

* Among that scenery it is intended to introduce the sublime pageant of the peacock throne, formed of artificial gems, and the great Divan or hall of audience; the Elephanta cavern, with splendid fire-temples, and Persees at their devotions round it, singing select portions of the Ode to Mithra; and whatever else can have the effect to interest the spectators, and sustain the high dignity of IMPERIAL TRAGEDY.

state of that empire was indeed amply manifested by the immense wealth of the capital. It was established by the vigorous councils and military genius of the early sovereigns of the house of Timur, particularly of Akbar, who united in his person all the commanding talents and virtues of a great prince; it was precipitated into irretrievable ruin by the lethargic indolence, the luxurious effeminacy, the prostration of all the nobler mental powers of Mahommed Shah, aided by the factious cabals of the great Omrahs, over whom, from want of energy of conduct, he had lost the command of an emperor, such as, by their military code, the Mogul emperors *ought* to have been. Yet, though culpable as the sovereign of a vast empire, the sceptre of which he wanted abilities to wield, Mahommed was by no means destitute of private virtue, of which many instances are on record. His disposition was by no means tyrannical, but highly benignant; as a husband and parent he was extremely affectionate; and in his friendships he was so ardent, that the death of Kamir-o-deen, his faithful Vizier, which happened by a cannon ball when opposing Abdalla in the field, under the banners of his beloved son Hamed, is supposed to have given him that fatal shock which occasioned his

death by a fit in 1749, when sitting on the musnud of Delhi in the act of dispensing justice to his subjects*. Mahommed, therefore, being neither deeply criminal nor wholly innocent, is rendered by his sufferings an object of our deepest commiseration; in those sufferings his errors are forgotten; and that *pity*, to produce which is one great end of Tragedy, is strongly excited; while the daring atrocities and remorseless cruelties of Nadir awaken in our breasts the strongest emotions of *terror*, and fill us with rage and detestation against that unprincipled usurper†. That a character so deeply stained with guilt, should be represented as marching triumphantly away with the spoils of India, as in reality, and according to historic evidence, he did, would have been to exhibit on the stage the shocking example of successful villany:—²for the sake, therefore, of that moral, which in dramatic exhibi-

* Orme's History, vol. i. p. 122, 2d edit.

† His character is fully delineated by himself in the answer which he gave to a *Derveish* who had the boldness to present a writing to him conceived in these terms: "If thou art a god, act as a god; if thou art a prophet, conduct us in the way of salvation; if thou art a king, render the people happy, and do not destroy them!" To this the barbarian replied, "I am no god, to act as a god; nor a prophet, to show the way of salvation; nor a king, to render the people happy: but I am he whom God sends to the nations which he has determined to visit with his wrath!" Orme's Dissertation, vol. i. p. 23.

tion should never be forgotten, I have, in the closing scene of this Tragedy, not inconsistently with the powers often arrogated by that holy tribe, invested my Brahmins with a portion of the prophetic character, and made them denounce to the audience the final doom of the usurper, of his children, and his empire, as recorded above. The circumstance of Sadi having actually poisoned himself, while Nadir was at Delhi, gave me an opportunity of exhibiting, at least in one of the conspirators, though not the one most guilty, the just fate of ambition and treason; and the warning voice of history has since declared the fallen grandeur* and consequence of the Nizam's descendants in India.

Besides the Hindoos, there exists in western Hindostan another very injured race, who owe to the same ferocious invaders all the evils, though greatly mitigated by the generous Hindoos, which they have endured since their expulsion by the Arabs from their native country in the early centuries of the Hejira, the amiable and unoffending race of PERSEES, who, though in these pages denominated *fire-worshippers*, are represented by enlightened travellers as only adoring the supreme Deity in their favourite symbols of the SUN and FIRE. Having

* So fallen, that the present Nizam owes the very existence of his throne at this time in the Deccan to the power and protection of the English. — *War in Mysore*, p. 157.

elsewhere entered very extensively into this subject*, I shall only remark here, that, in stigmatizing the atrocities of the Mahommedans during their irruptions into the various regions of Asia, I could not avoid introducing these commiserated exiles, also, into the drama, uttering against their avowed persecutors in every age, similar complaints and similar execrations. I have taken care, at the same time, to mark as distinctly as possible the character of the respective systems of mythology of these two antient tribes—which, in fact, was no very easy matter, where the original features of both in many points bear so near a resemblance—uniting their evidence to demonstrate the truth of the hypothesis that derives their descent from one primitive stock, and their science from one primæval school, that of Chaldea.

This choral band of Hindoo and Persee Priests do not, like the Greek chorus, remain permanently on the stage, but appear at intervals when any event of more than usual interest occurs, as that of the massacre at Delhi; and as their parts are recited, not sung, I have not varied the measure, nor shackled myself with rhyme. Their business is, like that of the antient *Ἀγγελοι*, to make the audience

* See Indian Antiquities, vol. ii. chap. ii. of the Indian Theology.

acquainted with facts which elucidate the story, and exalt the interest of the drama ; and they are at once the means of high poetical embellishment, and of conveying that moral, to inculcate which, I have already observed, is the essential duty of the Tragic Muse. But I must beg permission to impress it upon the reader, that neither the character nor the language of these choruses will be completely intelligible to him, unless, during the perusal, he will occasionally advert to what has been observed in a preceding page concerning the peculiar mythology of the Hindoos ; and bear in mind the Persian doctrine of the TWO PRINCIPLES, constantly contending with each other for the government of the world, viz. OROMASDES, god of *light*, the good Principle, with AHRIMAN, god of *darkness*, the evil one, at the head of their attendant good or bad angels ; their veneration of MITHRA, the SUN personified ; their resembling notions of subordinate intelligences ; and their grand ΑΠΟΚΑΤΑΣΤΑΣΙΣ, or final restitution, and purgation of all things by *fire*, so similar to the ΕΚΠΥΡΩΣΙΣ of the Platonists, most probably borrowed from the elder Asiatic school.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAHOMMED SHAH, *the Great Mogul, first dethroned,
and then restored by Nadir Shah.*

NADIR SHAH, *Sovereign of Persia, Conqueror of
Hindostan.*

SULTAN HAMED, *Son of the Great Mogul, betrothed
to Solima.*

NIZAM, *the Mogul General.* } *Omrahs supposed to have
SADI, an Indian Chief. } invited Nadir Shah to
invade India.*

THAMAS KHAN, *the Persian General.*

ZUMANI, *Empress of Hindostan.*

SOLIMA, *a Princess of the Race of Aurengzebe, be-
trothed to Hamed.*

CHORUS of BRAHMIN and PERSEE *Priests.*

Persian Officers, Attendants, Guards, &c.

THE
FALL OF THE MOGUL,
A Tragedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open plain, with tents, and a view of Delhi at a distance.

Enter NIZAM and SADI.

Sadi. AT length triumphant on the lofty towers
Of yon proud capital our standards stream,
And Hindostan, through all her bounds, submits
To Nadir's powerful sway.

Nizam. The great revenge
That brooded in my breast is now complete ;
Nor brook'd my wrath a meaner sacrifice
Than India plunder'd, and her proud Mogul
Bound in the fetters of a foreign yoke,

Sad. Nizam, thy wrongs were infinite, and rous'd
Resentment boundless as the bold affront.

Niz. Sadi, by Mecca's holy shrine I swear,
The insults of the venal court of Delhi

Had reach'd extremes too daring to be borne :
 Oh, arrogance of tyrant power, to deem
 That the fam'd chief of Deccan's rich domain,—
 He who beneath the all-victorious banners
 Of the great Aurengzebe was train'd to war,
 And by the side of that immortal prince
 Toil'd up the steeps of glory,—who so oft,
 Beneath the blasting wind and scorching sun,
 Hath led the flow'r of Asia to the field—
 Would stain, at last, his laurels and his age
 By basely cringing to these pamper'd lords,
 Whose bold rapacious grasp usurp'd the empire.

Sad. Nurs'd in soft harems, and with women bred,
 Too weak to guide the helm their rashness seiz'd,
 What terrors shook th' affrighted courtier throng,
 When late the storm of wild rebellion rag'd,
 And roll'd its thunder to the gates of Delhi!

Niz. 'Twas then, in abject mood and servile strain,
 My counsel they implor'd, and ask'd my sword
 To crush the hydra. With my choicest troops
 Swift from our lofty Gauts' dark bounds I flew,
 Stemm'd the rude storm, and from perdition snatch'd
 The trembling empire.

Sad. Nor did Sadi's sword
 Sleep in its scabbard, when on Junna's banks
 The fierce Mahratta bands triumphant rear'd

Their blood-stain'd banners. What the high reward,
 But scoffs and insults from his fawning minions,
 Who burn'd with envy at our well-earn'd glory ?

Niz. To such a height of phrensied insolence
 Their outrage rose, that oft, in full divan,
 When mighty kingdoms on its high resolves
 Waited their doom, these gaudy sycophants,
 The pests of courts and kings, would buz around me ;
 Mimic my gait, my voice ; and taunting cry—
 “ Mark how the Tiger of the Deccan storms* ! ”—
 Dear have they rued the taunt ; and learn too late
 How terrible, when rous'd, this Deccan tiger ;
 Whose roar is vengeance, and whose gambols
 war !

Sad. Oh, Timur ! how was thy immortal line,
 How India's throne, disgrac'd by such a monarch ;
 Who, buried in voluptuous sloth, resign'd
 To slaves his sceptred rights !

Niz. How chang'd ; how fall'n
 From that proud eminence where once he tower'd !
 Young, ardent, vigorous, like a new-fledg'd eagle,
 He mounted to the vacant throne, and hurl'd

* See Fraser's History of Nadir Shah, p. 68.—They called him by way of contempt the “ Deccan Monkey : ” but as the word *Monkey* scarcely suits the dignity of the tragic sock, and as the peninsula abounds with *Tigers* as well as *Monkeys*, I have chosen to adopt the latter appellation for this ferocious chieftain.

Destruction on the foes that plann'd his downfall.
 The traitor Seyds, those murd'ers of his race,
 Who at their nod exalted or dethron'd
 India's imperial lords, first felt his ire ;
 A rival sultan, then, his arms o'erthrew,
 Mild amidst vengeance ; while remotest realms
 Admir'd his clemency and fear'd his power.

Sad. Such *was* Mahommed ! What a strange
 reverse !

His martial spirit and each princely virtue
 Lost in luxurious indolence, and sunk
 In torpid inactivity : the feats,
 The warlike games that gave his soul delight,
 Spurn'd for the haram's soft ignoble toils ;
 And the fam'd chiefs and omrahs of his court
 Exil'd, for juggling knaves and low buffoons.

Niz. No more. The recollection stings my soul :
 'Twas time to rouse him from th' iaglorious dream,
 And summon to our aid from Persia's realm
 Victorious Nadir, whose resistless arms
 Strike terror through the earth——

Sad. With *justice* strike :

For soldiers more undaunted, more resolv'd,
 So proud an army with so brave a leader,
 You sun ne'er saw——

Niz. Like Aurengzebe himself,

In martial daring and consummate skill,
 This lord of vanquish'd Asia—in whose eye
 Flames forth the genius of his ardent soul—
 In stature towering, like his godlike mind,
 Far o'er the vulgar level ; while his voice
 Strong as the trumpet's breath is heard in battle,
 And animates his myriad troops to glory !
 How look'd our dwarfish bands on Karnal's plains,
 When front to front the rival armies stood,
 View'd with those thunderbolts of war !

Sad. 'Twere vain

For India to have wag'd th' unequal combat :
 Yet, though decided victory be ours,
 On a dark precipice we seem to stand,
 Whose yawning bosom may ingulph our hopes.
 The storm is over, but I dread the calm :
 For who shall bound this warrior's bold career,
 Or stay his sword ?

Niz. Who bound his bold career ?

Who stop the roaring Ganges in his course,
 When, swoln with all the tribute of the skies,
 And half the snows of frozen Caucasus,
 From his dark source, 'mid Tibet's mountain
 glooms,

In headlong cataracts he thunders down ;
 Then, with an ocean's grandeur sweeps along !

Sad. And oft, as fatal as the host of Nadir,
Whose countless legions rush resistless on,
Spread famine wide through India's fertile realm,
And heap her vales with carnage.

Niz. Who shall check
The glowing ardour of victorious troops,
Flush'd with the insolence of recent triumph !

Sad. Still, you must own, one deep and deadly
stain
Sullies his bays ;—his dire insatiate rage
To grasp the treasures of each conquer'd realm ?

Niz. Of chieftains towering on the banner'd field
The countless treasures by the inglorious heap'd
Goad the bold efforts, and they justly seize
The shining guerdon.

Sad. But, beyond all bounds
He estimates the wealth of vanquish'd India :
The sum, incalculably vast, demanded
For proffer'd friendship and returning peace,
Is such as might exhaust Golconda's mines.

Niz. I'll tell thee :—In the dark and cavern'd
vaults
That stretch beneath imperial Delhi's palace,
And form the basis of that mighty pile,
Long buried from the sun that gave it being,
There sleeps a boundless hoard of wealth, reserv'd

Against some dreadful crisis like the present :
Go ! rend the signet ; burst the brazen bolts,
And bring the shining treasure back to day.

Sad. Astonishing, indeed, that hoard must prove,
If equal to discharge the vast demand.
Tomorrow's sun shall view this victor chief,
Triumphant, through her gates his legions pour ;
When all her dazzling wealth, for ages heap'd,—
Vessels of massy gold, rich spoils of war,
The empire's proud regalia, and her throne
Fam'd through the world, itself a mine, and form'd
Of clust'ring diamonds meant to imitate
The splendour of the peacock's glowing train,—
Shall glut his boundless avarice.

Niz. But, still more
He claims—a treasure that transcends the whole !—
By bonds of lasting friendship to cement
The rival nations, he resolves to wed
The lovely Solima, our empire's pride,
Who boasts from Aurengzebe her high descent,
And with the blood of India's royal race
Mingle his own. Myself he charg'd to bear
The proud demand.

Sad. How will our youthful sultan,
The princely Hamed, who to madness dotes
On that fair princess, rave to be bereav'd
Of all his soul holds dear !

Niz. He must submit.

War levels rank, nor heeds the claims of love.
 But yonder, heedless of th' impending blow,
 Th' impatient lover towards th' imperial tent
 Directs his hasty step, nor deems how near
 The fatal herald that shall blast his hopes.—
 No longer I'll delay th' unwelcome tidings,
 But follow, and denounce his doom. Farewell !

Sad. And I to Delhi's trembling turrets go ;
 A messenger as baleful to her peace. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

CHORUS OF BRAHMINS.

The inside of a magnificent Pagoda: Brahmins, sacrificing at the altar, solemnly pronounce an execration on the successive plunderers of India.

1st Brahmin. Full thirty centuries have seen the
 race,

Who boast from Brahma their sublime descent,
 Beneath a foreign despot's iron scourge
 Bend the reluctant neck.—First, from the depths
 Of frozen Scythia's boundless deserts rush'd,
 Relentless as the rocks that gave him birth,
 The fierce Oghuzian chief.—The Persian, next,
 Pouring his legions down the craggy steeps
 Of snowy Taurus, on our patient race

Emptied the quivers of his hoarded vengeance.—
The veteran bands by fierce Escander led,
From distant Macedon to Sinde's proud wave,
Then like a wasteful fire impetuous burst
On the rich kingdoms of the ravag'd Panjab,
And bound great Porus to the Grecian yoke.—
Next, the fierce Robber of Arabia came,
Burning for plunder, and for blood athirst ;
Despoil'd our temples of their hoarded wealth
Sacred to heav'n ; and the polluted shrines
(Oh, horrible !) with human carnage fill'd !—
Nor less ferocious stalk'd th' unsparing Othman,
When the dire splendour of his gleaming crescent
Flam'd on her blasted plains. His countless hordes,
Devouring as the locust's ravening tribes,
From all the mountains on our western frontier,
Remorseless Nadir, Persia's direst scourge,
In dire array now pours impetuous down,
And closes the dark scene. AVENGING SEEVA !
Thou whose red arm th' eternal thunder rolls
O'er guilty nations that delight in blood,
Defend our cause, and let the myriad host
Around thy walls, imperial Delhi ! pour'd,
Smit by the blasting pestilence, expire ;
Or, stung to madness by the pangs of famine,
Rush furious on their own destroying spears :

And by one general, undistinguish'd carnage
Expiate the murder of thy chosen race !

2d Brah. Eternal Spirit of Creative BRAHME,
That, ere the circling spheres their course began,
Within the golden egg's refulgent orb,
In splendour brighter than a thousand suns,
Floated sublime on the chaotic deep,
And from the strife of warring elements
Bad'st harmony and beauteous order spring,
Sov'reign of earth and skies—all-seeing Power !
How have these daring infidels defac'd
Thy fairest works ; and o'er Creation's bounds,
Through all the periods of revolving time,
In the wide phrensy of ambition, hurl'd
Ravage and Death ! Oh, let the yawning earth,
Whose loveliest regions they have laid in ruin,
Ope wide its jaws, and in its deepest caves
Ingulph their impious bands !

3d Brah. And thou, dread VEESHNU !
Preserver of the world by Brahma form'd,
That in the radiant sacrificial flame
Delight'st, and in its central blaze, sublime,
Hast fix'd, invisible, thy burning throne ;
If e'er these altars glow'd with purer fires ;
If e'er from costliest gums, from sweetest woods,
And richest balsams of the ransack'd East,

Round yon high roofs the wafted incense stream'd,
 Arise in wrath, as when thy powerful arm
 (Our hallow'd records tell) the rebel Deives
 O'erthrew in battle, and th' infected earth
 Purg'd of polluting dæmons.

All. Sovereign Lords !

Divine, ineffable, eternal TRIAD !
 To our united pray'rs auspicious bend !
 Cloth'd in the terror of the midnight storm,
 That sweeps the cliffs of blasted Taurus, rise ;
 Pursue them on the volley'd lightning's wing,
 And plunge them down the fathomless abyss
 Of PATTAL*, where eternal darkness broods,
 And furies like themselves for ever yell.

[*Exeunt Brahmins.*]

SCENE III.

An apartment of the haram.

SULTAN HAMED, SOLIMA.

Ham. Spoil'd of my birthright, India's promis'd
 throne ;
 Each tow'ring hope of high ambition crush'd ;
 From scenes of horror to thine arms I fly,
 Whose love may well repay an empire's loss.

* The Hindoo Hell.

Sol. In this dread moment of despair and ruin,
If aught the hapless Solima may yield
Of ease or solace to the prince of India ;
At once by duty and affection bound,
That wretched aid with rapture would she bring.

Ham. Tortures and death !—Yet speak those
words again,

For they were precious as the dew of heav'n,
That cherishes by night these torrid plains.
Thy love must be the balm for all the wounds
Which bleeding honour is compell'd to suffer,
And stand me in the place of crowns and kingdoms.

Sol. Oh, prince ! methinks the thousand thousand
perils,

The restless jealousies and racking cares,
That harass Greatness in its proud career,
Can leave but little of substantial joy
To sooth the splendid tortures it inflicts,
And recompense Ambition's arduous toils.

Ham. Plac'd on a high and glittering emi-
nence,

Unnumber'd duties pressing on my soul,
Yet without pow'r to act, my mind is torn
With varied anguish ; and distracted thought
Floats in a sea of wild perplexities.

Now, kindling at a father's wrongs, I burn

To rush through every obstacle, and plunge
 My sabre in the base usurper's heart.
 My suff'ring country now to vengeance warms ;
 While public justice goads me to attempt
 Some daring enterprise, whose fame shall ring
 Through all th' astonish'd world.

Sol. Oh, rather wait
 Till fairer prospects and revolving time
 Enable thee to strike th' avenging blow
 With safety and with honour.

Ham. Yes ; I'll bend
 My stubborn spirit to the humbling stroke ;
 Forget that fortune smil'd upon my birth ;
 That glory's radiant beam illum'd my path,
 And nature bade my kindling soul aspire.
 Love, only love, shall occupy its pow'rs,
 And beauty be the substitute for fame.—
 When shall our nuptials be ? To-night, my love ?

Sol. And would my Hamed shock his royal sire,
 In this dark hour of complicated peril,
 By aught that might appear unseemly joy ;
 And light the nuptial torch amidst the blaze
 Of burning cities and of plunder'd fanes ?

Ham. Curst be the hour that wak'd me into
 being !

Reserv'd to see this dread catastrophe—
 When the proud fabric of this mighty empire.

That boasts immortal Timur for its founder,
 For ages govern'd by a race of kings
 Renown'd for wisdom, sanctity, and valour,
 Crumbles to ruin in th' ambitious grasp
 Of an usurping tyrant !

Sol. Ah, forbear

These furious sallies, and with manly firmness
 Prepare to meet the utmost rage of fate.

Ham. Forgive my warmth ; for, oh ! the galling
 subject

Fir'd my indignant soul. But say again
 (Nor glance upon the horrid fact) what hour,
 The brightest in the chronicle of time,
 Shall stamp thee mine.

Sol. No longer urge a theme

Which at this awful crisis fills my soul
 With horror, and revolting reason shocks.

Ham. Another moment may for ever shade
 Each gleam of happiness that yet remains.

Sol. Ah, do not deepen with imagin'd ills
 The gloom that wraps us round !—But soft—I hear
 The empress, rising from that short repose
 Which anguish and corroding cares allow.

Ham. My much-lov'd parent ! how has *she*
 sustain'd

Her sad reverse of fate ?

Sol. Though rooted deep

Th' unutterable woe that heaves her breast,
 Still her exterior wears a decent firmness,
 Mixt with a native majesty of soul,
 That soars superior to the pangs she feels.

Enter ZUMANI.

Zum. Eternal Pow'rs, my Son !—What favouring
 chance,

What hov'ring angel brought thee to relieve
 My sinking heart, and save it from despair ?

Ham. The same that in the rage of battle spread
 The guardian shield, and rescued me from death
 In thousand threat'ning shapes and urgent perils.

Zum. The brightest, sure, of the celestial train
 Shall he be hail'd by me. Know'st thou the lot
 That waits thy hapless sire ?

Ham. Alas ! I know not,
 So dark the councils of this artful tyrant ;
 But tremble for the worst.

Sol. No ; rather trust
 In Heaven's high justice, and the best presage.

Enter a Eunuch addressing Zumani.

Eun. Madam, the Chief of Deccan waits without,
 Impatient of delay ; and bears commands
 Of high importance from the Persian camp.

Zum. How! (*starting*) Is our royal dignity
reduc'd

To this low level, to receive *commands*?

Does conquest give impatient slaves this right

To violate the haram's sanctity?

I'll not admit that traitor to my presence.

Eun. His claims are urgent: scarce the slender
band

That guards your tent his entrance dare oppose.

Ham. Death to the ruffian! Who these lines
invades,

Rushes on this bright sabre's point.

Zum. Forbear:

I know this crafty soubah's subtle arts;

Will hear his errand, and confront his baseness.

Enter NIZAM.

Ham. Presumptuous chieftain, instantly declare
What means this outrage—why these tents profan'd!

Niz. I bear a message of no humble import
To yon fair paragon of matchless beauty;
Whose charms, supreme o'er all the captive train,
Have fir'd th' enamour'd victor's glowing breast,
Who charg'd me at her highness' feet to lay
Persia's imperial crown.

Ham. What do I hear!

Can Deccan's powerful chief, renown'd in war,
From his high function of commanding armies,
Descend the gentle messenger of love ?

Sol. Much honour wait him in his new employ !
Though here at least success will be denied.

Niz. The mighty victor whose commands I bear
Will hardly brook denial, but ere long
Resolves in person his devoirs to pay.

Sol. Insolent tyrant ! Is it not enough
His bold ambition has o'erturn'd the empire,
But I, with studied insult, must be made
The pageant of his pride to grace his triumphs ?

Niz. Madam, reflect. Is this a just return
For the high honour of a proffer'd crown ?

Sol. His vows, himself, his proffer'd crown, I
spurn ;
Nor will debase the line of Aurengzebe
By an alliance with its deadliest foe.

Niz. Instant destruction would await the wretch
Whose daring lips that answer should report.

Sol. And I a thousand deaths would rather die,
Than wed this far-fam'd Persian ravager,
Train'd up in blood and stain'd with deepest crimes.

Zum. Hence, treacherous omrah ! bear to thy
new lord
These tidings of his herald's proud success ;

And learn henceforth thy talents to confine
 To war, their proper field. Leave softer cares
 To abler advocates and younger heads :
 Gray hairs ill suit th' ambassador of love.

Ham. Ere thou depart'st, the injur'd Hamed
 hear :—

Thou, whose base perfidies and dark cabals
 Have robb'd my sire of empire, and involv'd
 His progeny in shame and ruin, mark
 My fixt resolve—never to sheathe this sword,
 Till vengeance, ample and decisive vengeance,
 O'ertake thy traitor head and rebel bands.

Niz. Prince, thou mayst live this insult to repent,
 For never shall my soul forget the wrong :

(*Aside.*) O'er all thy race a constant scourge I'll
 hang,

And wash away th' offence in royal blood.

[*Exit Nizam.*

Zum. How like a guilty traitor, self-condemn'd,
 The hoary ruffian, at the stern rebuke
 Of virtue, bent to earth his scowling eye !
 Rage in his heart, and muttering as he went
 Deep-laid revenge——

Ham. Too sure to be fulfill'd,
 Unless my Solima in instant flight
 Her safety seek.

Zum. Ah, whither should we fly,
Surrounded as we are by hosts of foes,
Spies to each act, and faithless to each trust ?

Ham. Love shall elude them all ; Love guide our
steps

To some sequester'd gloom, amidst the depth
Of those eternal forests that defend
Our empire's northern bounds ; or down the stream
Of Jumna, and the Ganges' sacred wave,
Lead to Bengal's proud bay, where ready barks
Shall waft us far from Asia's blood-stain'd shore.

Sol. Thy terrors for my safety lead thy mind
Too wide astray o'er fancy's dreary wilds :
Nor want I truth unshaken to my lord,
Or firmness to resist at ev'ry hazard
The tyrant's snares.

Ham. 'Twere impious those to doubt :
Thy firmness and thy truth alike I've tried,
And found them adamant. But, (oh, the pangs
That wring my heart !) when that stern tyrant comes,
Burning with lust and rage, by force to act
The lawless dictates of a despot's will ;
How will my lovely maid, though firm and true,
And virtuous as th' angelic train, escape
The brutal ravisher ?

Sol. Not unprepar'd

Ev'n in this last and fatal exigence,
 I'll with a dagger arm my steadfast hand,
 And, sooner than admit his loath'd embrace,
 I'll plunge it in the heart devote to Hamed.

Ham. Oh, noblest proof of human constancy.
 And matchless faith ! Just Heav'n forbid the trial !

Zum. No ; rather plunge it in the *tyrant's* bosom,
 And leave the world to wonder and applaud.
 To give full vigour to thy virtuous purpose,
 I'll bring thee one thy dauntless grandsire wore,
 Rich in its workmanship, but rarer still
 For its keen burnish'd edge that never fails.

[*Fetches a dagger.*]

Sol. The bold usurper and his crimes I leave
 To the just punishment of angry heav'n ;
 But, for myself, with rapture I accept
 The invaluable boon, and to my aid invoke
 The Spirit of my godlike ancestors
 That planted on this soil the 'Tartar banners.

Ham. It shall not be. If flight thy soul disdain,
 This sword shall be thy bulwark from the foe ;
 Nor ever will I quit thy presence more,
 But root me here, and perish by thy side.
 Resign this glittering steel——

Sol. With life alone !—
 But cherish it as dearly as thy love ;

Next to thyself, my honour's sacred guardian.
 But hark ! What shouts are those that rend the air,
 While with more sprightly notes the trumpets
 sound ?

Enter Eunuch.

Eun. Madam, a general joy pervades the camp ;
 The king is free—the captives are releas'd,
 And fines proportion'd to their ransom fixt,
 (*To the prince*) For whose due payment, sir, your
 royal person
 And fifty noble youths will be detain'd
 As hostages within the Persian lines.
 A chosen guard attends your convoy thither.

[*Exit Eunuch.*

Zum. When Freedom comes in this suspicious
 garb
 I tremble to accept the doubtful blessing,
 And hardly hail her as a welcome guest.

Ham. To rend a parent's chains, I'd gladly brave
 Bondage and Death. But here, unmask'd Deceit
 Stalks with so bold a front, that force alone,
 Dear lovely Solima, shall drag me hence.

Zum. That force, alas, too soon may be em-
 ploy'd !
 I will dissemble with this son of Fortune ;

Exalt his justice ; praise his dauntless valour ;
 And strive to win upon his savage nature :
 While the last jewel that adorns thy mother,
 To gain thy speedy freedom shall be sold.

Ham. A thousand thanks for this parental goodness ;

But, ah, my Solima——

Sol. Courage—fear not !

I feel enkindling in this woman's breast
 A spark of Aurengzebe's immortal fire,
 That brightest blaz'd where danger threaten'd most.
 Urg'd by despair, perhaps insulted Virtue
 May vindicate her own and India's rights ;
 Repel the rash aggressor's bold assaults,
 And paint the cruelties that mark his progress,
 His fraud and baseness, in such glowing colours
 As may strike terror to his guilty soul.

Re-enter Eunuch.

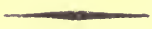
Eun. Sir, the attendant guard your orders wait ;
 The hour of their return is near elapsed.

Ham. By love distracted, yet by duty drawn,
 Instruct me, gracious Heav'n, the path of right !

Zum. To filial piety Heav'n holds on high
 The radiant meed ; points out the ready path,
 And bids you hasten to a father's rescue.

Ham. (kneeling) Hear then, ye pow'rs !
And while with holy awe
Your high eternal mandates I obey,
Make Innocence your charge, and o'er her stretch
The everlasting arm that launch'd the spheres,
That keeps them steady in their shining track,
And poises in its grasp the centred sun.

End of Act I.



ACT II. SCENE I.

The palace of Delhi.

Enter MAHOMMED SHAH, NADIR SHAH.

Mah. Eternal as the beam whose splendours gild
The martial pomp of yon bright cavalcade,
Victorious Nadir, may thy glories last !
India presents her crown, by conquest thine :

(He lays the crown at Nadir's feet.)

Accept the glittering boon, by fate bestow'd,
And reign mere worthy her imperial throne.

Nad. Thanks to the succour of our holy prophet,
Whose cause I fight—whose sacred banner bear ;
Conquest hath mark'd my way to Delhi's tow'rs :
Nor come I with the bold usurper's grasp
Its gorgeous sceptre from your hands to rend,
But to restore the lustre of your throne,
And drive from all your bounds, to Hell's abyss,
The haughty infidel Mahratta race,
Who, fame reports, have laid your empire waste :
Their boundless ravage ev'n to Delhi's gates
Have spread, and made the noble house of Timur
Their tributary slaves.

Mah. In me that house
Its grateful vows returns, and bids you hail !

Nad. Such was our high resolve, delay'd alone
Till the resistless might of Persia's arms
Had fixt our standards on the bastion'd heights
Of Candahar. The rebel Hussein crush'd,
Gave leisure to chastise those rude barbarians.

Mah. Such proud success hath mark'd your
bright career,
That victory and Nadir seem the same.

Nad. When on the frontiers of your realm arriv'd,
No heralds, as became our kingly rank,
Were sent with welcome greeting to our camp ;
But all our proffers with neglect were spurn'd ;
Th' ambassador we sent was basely slain,
And war was levied to obstruct our progress
Through all the distant confines of your empire.

Mah. To curb the Patan mountaineers they
arm'd,
By whom, in ambush plac'd, the chief was slain.

Nad. Away ! nor by dissembling heighten
guilt :
On these brave troops alone their sabres fell ;
And when at length the eagle victory,
That on its wide-spread plumes my standard bears,
High on the mountains of renown'd Cabul,

And proud Lahore's imperial citadels,
 The radiant ensigns of our glory rear'd,
 No compensation for the daring wrong,
 No terms of friendly amnesty were offer'd ;
 But, equally unskill'd to guide in war
 Or rule in peace, with an unnumber'd host
 Of rude unwarlike bands you rush'd to battle ;
 In one rash onset stak'd an empire's fate,
 And headlong plung'd into the snare we spread.

Mah. The truly brave in clemency delight ;
 Ourselves, our kingdom, at your feet we throw,
(kneeling.)

And from your sovereign justice wait our doom.

Nad. Rise ! and receive the crown your rashness
 lost. *(placing it on his head.)*

By antient treaties bound, and plighted faith,
 We will not violate the sacred ties
 That to the noble house of Timur bind
 Th' illustrious princes of the Seffi line.

Mah. Oh, generous goodness ! What sublime
 reward

Shall raptur'd gratitude for this return ?

Nad. Behold these veteran bands to battle train'd ;
 Mark their bold fronts, furrow'd with many a scar,
 And their skin shrivell'd with the blasting winds :
 Long and severe beneath this fiery cline,

O'er scorching sands, and oft through torrent floods,
 Has prov'd their toilsome march:—their weary
 limbs

Demand some respite, and exhausted valour
 Seeks its reward amidst the golden harvest
 The sun matures in Asia's Paradise,
 This far-fam'd overflowing realm of Hind.

Mah. Whate'er through all its bounds that sun
 beholds,

Rare in its kind, or costly in its worth,
 Be dauntless Fortitude's distinguish'd meed.

Nad. In Delhi, then, your empire's capital,
 Rich in the wealth of tributary ages,
 My harass'd soldiers shall repose from toil;
 And, as their vast arrears to millions 'mount,
 India's exhaustless coffers must discharge them.

Mah. The treasures of her antient kings deceas'd,
 Buried as deep, and sacred as their tombs,
 Shall all be ransack'd to supply your wants.

Nad. What waste of wealth is here! what glow-
 ing gems
 Adorn the fabric of this gorgeous throne!

(*Surveying the peacock throne.*)

Where vivid em'rals of unrivall'd splendor,
 With sapphires intermixt of loveliest blue,
 Rival the blushing ruby's crimson dyes!

Who of your mighty ancestors constructed
 This mine of blazing wealth—this noblest work
 Of human art ?

Mah. The toil of many an age—
 The labour of successive kings it cost ;
 But chief the boast of Jehan's splendid reign,
 The father of our deathless Aurengzebe :—
 To form the wondrous bird's resplendent train,
 Proud Raaleonda half its treasures lent,
 And the deep mines of rich Pegu were drain'd.

Nad. Astonishing display of countless riches,
 Exceeding far all Pervia's blended pomp :
 By Heav'n, without this trophy to my glory,
 Poor were my conquests, and my triumphs vain !
 Let chosen troops surround the gaudy pageant——

Mah. (*starting*) Who takes the throne,
 Methinks, should wear the crown.

Nad. How !—art thou startled at our just demand ?
 Know, all the wealth of Hindostan we claim :
 Your *sceptre* we restore, your *treasures* seize ;
 But leave you LIBERTY—a brighter gem
 Than ever flam'd in Gani or Pegu.

Mah. With deep submission we accept the boon

Nad. Bring instant forth th' unknown, th' enormous hoard
 Of gold and jewels, beyond number vast,

Beneath whose cumbrous weight this palace groans:
 Bid the luxurious omrahs of your court
 A faithful schedule of their boundless wealth,
 Wrung from the toil of gasping slaves, prepare:
 Bid the voluptuous citizens of Delhi,
 Whose merchants glitter with the pomp of kings,
 Haste with the tribute by your generals fixt,
 The price of freedom, when on Karnal's plains
 I call'd from plunder my victorious bands:—
 No longer for the dastard progeny
 Of pamper'd indolence shall yon bright orb
 Ripen the glowing ore. Bid them dispatch—
 Six months already o'er our heads have roll'd
 Beneath this sultry clime; conquest stands still,
 And glory calls me hence to distant realms.

[*Exeunt all but Nadir and Nizam.*]

SCENE II.

NADIR SHAH, NIZAM.

Nad. Yet will we seize some interval for love.
 What answer bear'st thou from our fair obdurate—
 The lovely Solima?

Niz. As yet she spurns

All thought of softer cares ; immers'd in grief
 For the deep stain the late severe defeat
 Hath brought on Aurengzebe's illustrious house.

Nad. Oh, worthy her immortal ancestor !
 The spark I felt now kindles to a flame ;
 While the proud spirit of that dauntless race
 Seems quite revers'd—extinguished in its *sons*,
 And blazing only in a female bosom.

Niz. So exquisite appears her keen distress,
 All *love*, I fear, is banish'd from her breast ;
 While with abhorrence she regards the victor.

Nad. Fly to her instantly, and soothe her anguish ;
 Tell her—for her that victor has renounc'd
 His conquest, and to her illustrious house
 Restor'd the forfeit crown. By Heav'n, my soul
 Burns with desire to gain this scornful beauty !

Niz. The majesty of Nadir's graceful presence
 Will deeper on her heart the tale imprint ;
 For much I fear a happier rival reigns
 In the proud stubborn heart thou aim'st to bend.

Nad. In arms and love, a rival I disdain :—
 However high in rank, or proud in fame,
 He dies—the victim of his bold ambition !

Niz. By distant consanguinity allied,
 'Tis through the palace whisper'd, her fair hand
 To India's youthful prince was early pledg'd.

Nad. I'll burst the bands, dissolve their plighted
vows,

And bear her hence to Persia's brighter throne.
Meanwhile, be thine to watch that favor'd youth,
Our royal hostage for the promis'd tribute,
And let a triple guard surround his prison :
Point to the fatal rock that hangs above him ;
Warn him his danger : If he persevere,
Death or eternal dungeons are his doom.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An apartment of the haram.

ZUMANI, SOLIMA.

Zum. Oh, generous Persian—glorious, godlike
act!

Sol. Godlike indeed must prove th' heroic deed
Whose virtue, singly, shall atone for crimes
Monstrous as those that mark his dire career.

Zum. Say—Where does History's recording page
Point out a victor, in the hour of triumph,
Resigning, uncompell'd, a victor's claims—
A crown ;—and India's crown ! Oh, 't is a deed

Whose greatness soars beyond belief, and stands
Unrivall'd in the annals of the world !

Sol. To yield up conquests too remote to hold
Argues as much his prudence as his greatness.

Zum. Empire and Liberty are cheaply bought
Ev'n at the price of all that India boasts.

Sol. What alter'd sentiments, Zumani, fire
Your royal breast !

Zum. I own the mighty change
This victor's princely courtesy hath wrought.
Didst thou not mark with how sublime a port,
'Midst the triumphal pomp, he pass'd along ?
His eye, where valour sat with wisdom thron'd,
Diffus'd a majesty around, and fill'd
With awe and wonder the astonish'd crowd.

Sol. I view'd the victor with no partial eyes ;
But mark'd him as th' invader of my peace,
And the stern tyrant who detains my Hamed.

Zum. To me, my Solima, he seems no more
The hostile tyrant, but the gen'rous chief
Led on by Fortune and espous'd by Heav'n.

Sol. Astonishment !—And does a son in bonds
Excite no terror in a parent's breast ?

Zum. The soul, like Nadir's, gen'rous and benign,
As this unbounded goodness proves, can leave

No room for dark suspicion's pallid train.
 Already half the ransom is prepar'd,
 And treasure from all quarters of the empire
 Flows in a torrent to the royal coffers :
 Hamed shall soon be free, and share with thee
 The bright inheritance his birth bestow'd.

Sol. 'T is not the promise ev'n of India's throne
 Can yield me solace while my Hamed pines,
 Lonely, remote, in drear captivity,
 Amidst oppressive bonds and tyrant foes.

Zum. Perhaps, at length, the victor may relent ;
 And at our joint entreaty loose those bonds.

Sol. A thousand pray'rs—a thousand tears I'd
 pour,

My Hamed to release. But who shall stop
 The tempest's rage ; or soothe the rav'ning wolf,
 When, stung with famine, he surveys his prey
 Pant at his feet, or struggling in his grasp !

Zum. Vain is thy horror of this mighty chief,
 Whose courtly manners seem no force to menace
 Barbarous and savage, as thy fears presage.

Sol. My horror is, alas, too justly founded !
 I dread each moment his detested presence.
 Support me, Heav'n, in this tremendous crisis—
 Arm me with courage equal to the shock,
 And let me not disgrace my high descent !

SCENE IV.

A darkend room of the palace, with numerous guards placed around.

HAMED *Solus.*

Born to the richest crown the sun surveys,
 Descended of a race of antient kings,
 For valour, as for worth, through Asia fam'd,
 I spurn these bonds : nor can barbarian rage,
 The deep dead silence of the dungeon's gloom,
 Nor vaulted rocks, nor bars of adamant,
 Chain down the free-born soul, that mounts in fire
 Above you concave vault and rolling orbs,
 To join the spirits of illustrious heroes
 By virtue canoniz'd.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, to your royal father's urgent pray'r—
 To visit in these glooms a much-lov'd son—
 The victor yields : Those sounding trumpets speak
 The king's approach.

Enter MAHOMMED SHAH

Ham. Thus, on my bended knee.

Glowing with grateful transport, let me hail
That honour'd father—*king*, alas, no more !

Mah. Yes, best of sons, the crown is still my own,
Though shorn of half its honours.—But what words
Shall speak my sorrow at this dire exchange
Of light and liberty for chains and darkness !
Unfeeling tyrant, who releas'd the sire
Only to plunge the son in tenfold woe !

Ham. Waste not a moment on so poor a theme,
But instant say if Solima be safe
From brutal harm, and how the queen sustains
Her weight of woe ?

Mah. The guardian arm of Heav'n
Still o'er them spreads th' inviolable shield :—
The beauteous Solima her dubious fate
With more than human fortitude sustains,
Nor utters for herself one plaintive sigh ;—
But when she meditates on thy hard doom,
Thy absence, and the dangers that surround thee,
Her soul is riv'd with anguish, and resolve
Is lost amidst the whirl of madd'ning passions.

Ham. Oh, unexampled goodness ! But for her,
Since Heav'n hath freedom and his crown restor'd
To my lov'd sire, these dark and lonely bounds
Would soon appear a palace of delights ;

Th' innumerable guards that hover round me
 Would seem the ready ministers of pleasure,
 Made for my pride, and arm'd for my defence ;—
 Now, dire suspense and terror chill my bosom,
 And horrors multiply on every side.

Mah. Let not distrust or dark despair torment
 thee :

Weak as this arm, and bounded as my pow'r,
 Yet shall each nerve be steel thy love to guard
 From ruffian violence.

Ham. Alas ! I dread
 That boundless spirit which inspires her breast,
 Mild as soft whispers of the vernal breeze
 That sweeps the spikenard gardens of the South,
 When the chaste passion flows from virtue's source ;
 But, in the lofty pride of conscious worth,
 Relentless as the tropic whirlwind's rage
 To harden'd guilt, and the unhallow'd vows
 Of lawless lust

Mah. That spirit may appal
 His guilt-stain'd soul.

Ham. And haply may inflame
 To deeds of horrible and frantic outrage.—
 Said'st thou the victor had restor'd thy crown ?

Mah. Contented with the plunder of the empire,

With his own hand upon my brows he plac'd
 The ravish'd diadem : but all our *treasures*
 His vulture-grasp hath seiz'd,

Ham. Insatiate robber !

Mah. This unexpect'd grace I fondly deem
 The prelude of approaching liberty
 To my lov'd Hamed,

Ham. A far diff'rent omen,
 Of aspect most malignant, bids me dread
 Eternal banishment from love and freedom.
 The num'rous Persian bands that guard my dungeon
 Have late been trebled, and each word and action
 Mark'd with severe and jealous vigilance :—
 Most I suspect Nizam's malignant wiles,
 Of whose deep perfidy, in league combin'd
 With Sadi Khan, of long suspected faith,
 These papers bear irrefragable proof.

Mah. How !—where obtain'd ?

Ham. From an expiring slave,
 The confidant of both ; who, as I rang'd
 The field of battle, stung with keen remorse,
 Consign'd them to my charge.

Mah. (*reading*) Immortal pow'rs !
 What complicated guilt—what deep-laid fraud
 This register of courtly crimes unveils !

Ham. There thou wilt see the dreadful scene
disclos'd ;

There read the fall of Hindostan, pourtray'd
In characters of blood : that, while thy throne
With flatterers was besieg'd, and prostrate baseness
Bow'd at thy feet the suppliant servile neck,
Rebellion in thy palace rear'd on high
Her hydra head, and beckon'd from afar
The rav'ning eagle, gorg'd with Persian gore,
To revel on imperial Delhi's spoils.

Mah. So high the culprits, my enfeebled pow'r
Will scarcely with effect its vengeance point.

Ham. Leave them to fate, and their despotic lord :
He will avenge thy cause ; for dark suspicion
Sits ever brooding on her ebon throne
Within the jealous tyrant's guilty breast ;—
They love the perfidy—but dread the traitor.

Mah. Still, as I read, more black the catalogue
Of brooding treasons grows, that to the centre
This mighty empire have convulsed, and threaten
Total extinction to the house of Timur.
A vast and overwhelming weight of woes,
Too mighty to sustain, bows down my soul,
And tears me from thee.

Ham. Heav'n preserve the king ;

Crown him with years ; and in his righteous grasp
 Long let the sceptre of his fathers flourish !

Mah. Perish that sceptre, so I save my Hamed !
 Oh, I will fly to this ferocious victor,
 And render back the crown his insult gave ;—
 A crown restored in vain while virtuous Hamed,
 The glory of my life, its rightful heir,
 Pines in ignoble bondage ! Oh, my son !
 I go to barter empire for thy freedom,
 And guard with all a father's tenderest zeal
 The beauteous object of thy love. Farewell !

Ham. Oh, injured sire, farewell ! bear to the queen
 My fervent pray'rs for health and life prolong'd ;
 To Solima, ten thousand thousand blessings !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.

Brahmins on the banks of the Jumna, the river that
 washes the walls of Delhi.*

1st Brah. Imperial JUMNA, daughter of the Sun,
 Whose hallow'd fountains the profoundest glooms
 Of Caucasus conceal from mortal ken ;

* The Sanscreeet name is Yamana, called by the Greeks Jomanes ; in the common Indian dialect, Jumna : Its source is not precisely known. All the great rivers of India are feminine, Yamana means " Daughter of the Sun." See Asiatic Researches, vol. 1, 256. Lond. Edit.

Whose conscious waves, in India's happier day,
 When the first golden gleam of Surya* flam'd
 On Delhi's lofty tow'rs, or Chandra† led
 Her glimmering myriads down the western sky,
 Resounded with devotion's raptur'd song,
 And, rushing from her hundred gates, beheld
 Impatient crowds beneath the waters plunge,
 To wash away their sins—Hear, JUMNA, hear !
 Hear from thy secret grots and crystal springs;
 Nor longer thy polluted billows roll
 To nourish foes who bind thy sons in chains,
 Eternal chains, by all our gods accurst !
 To thy dark source, beneath the marble base
 Of yon stupendous range that girds the globe,
 Oh, JUMNA, swiftly urge thy refluent flood !
 Through the vast tract thy sacred current laves,
 May barrenness and sultry drought prevail,
 While mad with burning thirst their hosts expire !
 Nor—born to spring from death's oblivious shade
 To scenes of ripening bliss, in happier spheres,—
 Will Brahmins mourn the wide o'erwhelming blow
 That dooms alike th' oppressor and th' oppress'd
 To undistinguish'd ruin !

2d Brah. Holy pow'rs !

Sublime, but far beneath the Thund'rer's throne,

* Sanscree name of the sun.

† Sanscree name of the moon:

In the bright class of beings form'd to rule
(Heav'n's awful delegates) the subject earth ;
Ye, who the *dews* and genial *rains* dispense,
O'er *vegetation's* boundless tribes preside,
In the deep *mine* the burning gem prepare,
Or guard the mighty mass of *central fire* :
Spirits ! who mount the rapid whirlwind's wing,
And agitate to storms the vast abyss ;
The blasting pestilence whose arm directs,
And points the dire volcano's fearful rage—
'Gainst God's and Nature's foes in vengeance rise ;
Your pow'rs, beneficent and mild, suspend ;
Your noxious pow'rs, to torture and destroy,
With tenfold fury on their heads discharge !
Regents of Planets—Genii of the Stars—
Who, gliding through th' immeasurable void,
The high behests of righteous Heav'n fulfill
In the vast wilds of space !—Ye ponderous spheres
Of rolling fire, that through yon blue abyss
Pour your concenter'd blaze, and, as you run
Your radiant circuit, on this æther world
Are deem'd benign or baleful beams to shed,
Assume your darkest aspect !—Be yon sun
Eclips'd in midnight gloom : portentous blaze,
The gleaming meteor ; let the crimson skies
In all their dreadful pageantry be drest,

And on the guilty parricides rain blood,
 Torrents of blood, in which they love to bathe
 Their tainted souls, and deluge all the bounds
 Of outrag'd nature!

3d Brah. Sovereign judge of Aes !
 Tremendous YAMA*, from thy ebon throne,
 Centred in deep chaotic darkness, hear !
 Ope wide thy inmost portals to receive
 Th' accursed progeny of black despair !
 Hell's direst tortures for the deepest crimes—
 Murder and fraud, and ravening lust—prepare.
 Rouse all thy furies from their dark abodes ;
 Call all thy *serpents* to the gorgeous feast,
 For countless are the victims doom'd, ere dawn,
 Beneath the slaughtering sabre to expire ;
 And wide and deep, through Delhi's spacious bounds,
 The dreadful stream of sacrifice must flow.
 Remorseless tyrants ! whom th' insatiate thirst
 Of India's treasures to these shores have lured
 From earth's remotest bound, your reign is o'er ! !
 To my rapt vision, in th' expanding heavens,
 By mighty *Devatas* sublimely borne,
 The radiant register of fate unrolls,
 And through the lightning's ardent beams, that play
 Round its bright edge, in mystic characters,

* He is also called SESHANAGA, or "The King of Serpents."

Engrav'd on burning adamant, I read
The instant doom that waits their impious race !
Vengeance for all your daring crimes is nigh :
Smote by the might of Veeshnu's conquering arm,
The *lion** chief of Tartary expires ;
The fading *moon** of Othman sets in night,
And Persia's *eagles** bow the head in dust !

* These are the symbolic devices on the respective standards of these nations.

End of Act II.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The great dewan, or hall of audience, with the peacock imperial throne, vessels of gold and silver, and rich cabinets of precious stones, and other treasures ranged around.

NADIR SHAH, MAHOMMED SHAH.

Mah. The antient treasures of this mighty empire,
Th' immense collected wealth of all its kings,
Are here, dread Nadir, to thy view display'd.

Nad. Where am I—on what rich enchanted
shore?

Rais'd by what magic skill, what potent charm,
This vast accumulated endless mass
Of blazing gems, and gold, which Afric's mines,
Prolific as they are in treasur'd ore,
And Asia's self, with beds of sparkling stones,
Matured by ardent suns, so richly fraught,
Could scarcely have produc'd!

Mah. These strings of pearls,
Of such pure water and such wondrous size,
From the rich shores of your own Ormus came;
Those glitt'ring rubies from the spiey isle

Of fam'd Ceylon ; while yon rich cabinets,
 Fill'd with the choisest diamonds of Golconda,
 All computation of their value spurn.

Nad. These, as our right, we claim :—but fame
 reports

Within these walls one jewel still remains,
 Of that supreme, inestimable worth,
 It beggars all yon heap of dazzling riches.

Mah. The golden keys, that ope the inmost vaults
 Of our exhausted treasury, receive,
 Nor harbour base suspicion of our faith,

Nad. Not in the mines of fam'd Golconda born,
 Nor yet from wealthy Ormus' pearly beds
 This jewel sprang : No native of this earth,
 But surely of celestial parentage—
 The lovely Solima an angel tow'rs !

Mah. That is, indeed, a jewel which we prize
 Far beyond all thy eager glance surveys—
 A jewel Fate reserves to deck the throne
 Her grandsire with such genuine lustre fill'd.

Nad. The love I bear to that proud victor's name,
 Inflames me with an ardent zeal to view
 And hail each remnant of his mighty line.
 This grace, at least, the sovereign lord of Hind
 Will grant to him who seldom *deigns* to ask.

Mah. Our royal cousin's indispos'd.

Nad. Just Heav'n !

Protect the beauteous fair : Oh, lead me to her !

Mah. Dread conqueror of Asia, I entreat thee,
Urge not at present this severe demand :
Our empress with impatience waits to pay
Her grateful homage for our crown restor'd.

Nad. Thy pow'rful intercession may prevail
On that fair maid thy consort to attend.

Mah. Oh, hear the pray'r a vanquish'd monarch
pours !

My only son in chains thou dost detain——

Nad. How !—Am I trifled with ? I'll hear no
more——

In this I cannot, will not be denied.

Contentions, too, I've heard, and rising tumults
Rage in your capital, and ask your presence :—
Haste instant, and appease the bold insurgents.

[*Exit Mahommed.*]

Nadir Shah to his attendant officers :

Since Heav'n thus gloriously hath crown'd our arms,
Let sounding trumpets through the camp proclaim
A general amnesty ; and, from these stores
Of Indian wealth, our treasurers bestow
On each brave soldier, as the meed of valour,
A year's gratuity of pay ; meantime,

'Till further summons, from our royal presence
Let all, on pain of instant death, retire !

The attendants leave the stage ; vast folding doors expand, and display to view the interior apartments of the haram : Zumani and Solima are seen at a distance approaching.

SCENE II.

ZUMANI, SOLIMA, NADIR SHAH.

Zum. For freedom and a crown, at once regain'd,
What terms, illustrious Nadir, shall express
The grateful rapture of my bursting heart !

Nad. Princess, wherever justice points this sword,
Mercy, the radiant seraph, still is nigh,
Tempers our wrath and blunts its falling edge.

Zum. No wonder, sir, thus wide your triumphs
ring,
While clemency and fortitude unite
At once to blazon and to fix your fame.

Nad. In fields of death to reap triumphal palms
Thousands with me the transient glory share ;
By kindness to subdue the stubborn foe
Stamps nobler glory, yields sublimer bays
That never tarnish—but, eternal pow'rs!
What bright assemblage of unrivall'd charms.

Reigns through yon graceful yet majestic form ;
 Her beautous features, her commanding aspect,
 At once transport with love, and awe my soul——
 To conquer here were victory indeed !

Zim. The princess Solima, my lord.

Nad. Her fame

Hath long resounded through the Persian court ;
 The knee that never bow'd before shall pay
 The due devoirs her birth and beauty claim.

Allow me, charming Solima, to kiss
 That hand which angels might be proud to press.

(attempts to seize her hand.)

Why, with abhorrent glance and backward step,
 Thus strangely dost thou shun my fond salute ?

Sol. Thou art, I think, that Persian so renown'd,
 Whose arms strike terror through remotest realms ;
 And, having laid half Asia waste, at length
 Hast fixt thy standard on the tow'rs of Delhi.

Nad. What means my sweet upbraider——whither
 tends

This wild abrupt address ?

Sol. You came—you conquer'd :

Nay more—have tow'rd beyond triumphal palms,
 And, with heroic nobleness of soul
 Scarce parallel'd, upon the vanquish'd head
 Replac'd the forfeit crown.

Nad. By Heav'ns I'm charm'd !

Though wounded to the quick, my bosom glows.

Sol. 'T was gloriously resolv'd. For this just
deed

The bright recording angel of the skies
Shall half thy guilt expunge. And what remains ;—
But to pursue high honour's radiant track,
And, crown'd with laurels and renown, return ?
Nor stain the lustre of this godlike act
By rapine and ensanguin'd violence.

Nad. Secure in beauty's shining panoply,
Say on—But did not those celestial charms
Give thee resistless influence o'er my heart,
It ill would brook this forward petulance ;
Not Aurengzebe himself should thus have dared
With bold impunity—

Sol. And yet *I* dare,
Arm'd with his spirit, to thy view unfold
The unnumber'd woes which war's wild rage hath
heap'd

On bleeding Hindostan.—In ev'ry breeze
Some frantic shriek, or groan of deep despair
Is wafted through her yales. The lab'ring hind,
In India's happier day, from war's rude toils
By holiest laws releas'd, is forc'd to arms,
Or dragg'd to instant death. Millions of tooms,

The rich resources of her wealth, stand still ;
 While all the trophies of her antient pow'r
 Are dash'd to earth by your enrag'd barbarians !

Nad. By Heav'n, too far my patience you insult !
 Presume no longer on your beauty's pow'r,
 But drop the theme, and let us talk of love.

Sol. Such love as animates the tiger's breast,
 Or drives the hungry panther on his prey—

Zum. Forbear, my Solima, with ill-tim'd zeal
 To urge to rage the victor's soften'd mind.
 And thou, most noble chief, desist thy suit
 Till the high tumult of her blood subsides,
 And the unbounded spirit of her race
 Has better learnt to bear a victor's presence.

Sol. A victor I *can* bear, but in that form
 Disdain a suitor ; ev'n though sceptres wait
 The hand, no pow'r on earth shall make me yield.

Nad. Stay, lovely Solima, nor rashly plunge
 In woes that never may have bound or pause.
 Your language paints me tyrant in my nature,
 And savage in my love ;—Would'st thou provoke
 A tyrant to revenge, and from his slumber
 Rouse the reluctant savage ?

Sol. Undismay'd,
 And not unarm'd, in either case I bid
 A tyrant's rage defiance.

Nad. Stern and fierce

As war has made me to my foes appear,
I have a heart that in the softest flame
Of tender love can melt ; a heart that feels
Thy beauty's animating warmth, and burns
To lay both life and empire at thy feet.

Sol. The heart that knows with love's soft fires
to glow,

Delights in mercy ; generous and benign,
It plots no mischief, as it fears no ill.
Ask the departed shades of those that fell
On Karnal's crimson'd plains, or those who now,
The victims of thy boundless avarice,
Stretch'd on our Jumna's shores unburied lie,
If mercy be ^{thy} darling attribute ?

Nad. The victims of their headlong rage they fell.
But on this subject I no parley hold.

Sol. Nor I on one so hateful as thy love.
Farewell !

Nad. Once more let me entreat thine ear.
Won by thy charms, I own the victor vanquished.
The delegated pow'r which Fortune gives,
To thee I'll yield. Reverse, if thus dispos'd,
The stern decrees of war ; resume its spoils ;
Release the noble youths, our hostages,
And back to Persia our whole force command.

For this unlimited extent of sway,
I only ask one slender boon—thy love.

Sol. My love I cannot grant ; but act thyself
Thus nobly generous, and depend on all
In my poor pow'r to grant : my ceaseless pray'rs ;
And gratitude, to end with life alone.

Nad. These are too cold, too barren a return
To satisfy the cravings of a soul
Pining with love, and ardent for fruition.

Zum. Oh, gen'rous chief, while mercy is the
theme,
A mother's plaints attend : amidst the train
Of Indian hostages, one youth remains—
The hope and solace of his doting parents :
I will not ask his freedom till the terms
Of ransom are fulfill'd ; but fame reports
The prince is with unusual rigour guarded,
The object of thy mark'd severity.

Nad. Rash in his speech, and furious in his ges-
tures,
His conduct justifies less lenient treatment ;
Nor dare we yet relax, so bold his menace,
Our cautious vigilance.

Zum. To noblest hopes
Of bold ambition train'd, his high-born soul
With anguish keener than his comrades feels

Confinement's irksome gloom. Oh, gracious prince,
 Pardon the darings of impetuous youth,
 And by thy own brave mind his feelings judge.

Sol. If aught my pray'rs or grateful vows avail,
 Oh, for a prince of such heroic virtue
 Let me your royal clemency implore !

Nad. Thou'st heard what terms may gain him in-
 stant freedom ;
 And know, his future treatment shall depend
 On thy acceptance, princess, or rejection,
 Of these my proffer'd vows.

Sol. Assist me, Heav'n !

Nad. Nay, more : from hence, upon *thy* smile or
 frown

His fate, his being hang.

Sol. Stern, barbarous man !

Nad. Ha ! have I touch'd at last the tender string
 Whose least vibration throws thy soul in tumult ?
 Revenge and Death ! Is Hamed, then, my rival ?
 Better that man had never seen the light
 Who dares with me for Beauty's prize contend.

Zum. Oh, dauntless chieftain, by these gushing
 tears,
 By ev'ry sacred tie that binds mankind,
 Show mercy to my son !

Nad. Zumani, mark me ;

Though rigid Justice claim him for her victim,
 Not unavailing shall thy sorrows prove ;
 Those tears shall save him from her stern demand,
 And gain of liberty as wide a range
 As with our safety shall be found consistent.
 This to thy tears is due ; but if *those* lips
(to Solima)

Should ever more presume his cause to plead,
 Her words are fatal, and his doom is seal'd.

[*Exit Nadir Shah.*

*The curtain is let down, and the princesses retire
 within the haram.*

SCENE III.

Enter MAHOMMED SHAH and SADI.

Sad. A dark and dreadful gloom o'ercasts the
 scene

That late so cloudless shone : the brutal fierceness,
 The unrelenting fury of, the chiefs
 Appointed to collect th' excessive tribute,
 Has rous'd so bold a spirit of sedition,
 That all the empire's force, and even the dread
 Of their enraged oppressors, scarce avail
 To quell the madness of the populace.

Mah. To what new woes is this devoted realm,
 And I, its most ill-fated monarch, doom'd !
 In the short space of some few circling hours,
 Captive, dethron'd, again saluted king,
 Yet meanly plunder'd of the wealth that gave
 Strength to my arm and splendour to my reign,
 I stand the object of all Asia's gaze,
 The shadow of departed majesty !

Sad. Look forward, sire, to more auspicious years ;
 With wisdom use the moments in your pow'r,
 And thus the errors of the past erase.

Mah. Oh, Sadi, hadst thou kept unshaken faith,
 Or half the ardour of that zeal display'd,
 Which drove from Oude the fierce Mahratta tribes,
 I had not seen this day of black disgrace !

Sad. My zeal to serve my royal master glows
 With unabated warmth ; but oh, reflect,
 While thus you stigmatize a veteran soldier,
 How were my faithful services repaid
 By cold neglect and aggravated wrongs,
 While in your smiles my happy rival reign'd,
 Th' enervate Kliandoran ! with lavish hand
 Heaping the highest honours of the state
 On grov'ling sycophants and base poltroons.

Mah. Wound not my bleeding memory with the
 name

Of that brave hapless man, who nobly fell,
 On that dire morn when India's sun declin'd,
 Cover'd with glorious wounds.

Sad. Oh, had he perish'd
 Long since by some less honourable death,
 Glory and vigour still had crown'd your reign ;
 Yourself remain'd the idol of your people,
 And distant nations trembled at your power.

Mah. Insult not thus the ashes of the brave,
 Whose plans, in peace or war, your dark intrigues
 With those of your bold factious colleague marr'd :
 Blame not the dead, but own thyself a traitor,
 And the base cause of India's overthrow.

Sad. By Heav'n, whoe'er that daring falsehood
 fram'd
 Impos'd upon your unsuspecting faith,
 And is a perjurd, dark, malignant villain !

Mah. The proofs of your black perfidy are here,
(*showing a paper roll*)
 And vengeance, vengeance is not far remote.
 Wouldst thou atone the daring crime, away ;
 Appease by ev'ry art the madd'ning throng ;
 Avert the storm thy treacherous wiles have rais'd ;
 Release my son, or see my face no more. [*Exeunt.*

End of Act III.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A court of the palace.

Enter NADIR SHAH, NIZAM.

Nad. Nizam, I swear this heroine's spirit soars
Beyond the vast conceptions I had form'd ;
And will a siege require more long and arduous
Than any that oppos'd our course to Delhi.

Niz. Well skill'd in all the labours of the siege,
Your persevering ardour will not fail
To triumph *here* with your accustom'd prowess.

Nad. At first, with lofty and reproachful strains
She met my vows ; but at the name of Hamed,
In all her sex's softness she dissolv'd ;
Her pride then vanish'd in a flood of tears,
And from my censor she became my suppliant.

Niz. Still there remains one certain way to gain
her :
Dazzled with rank, and fonder still of pow'r,
Zumani views with no abhorrent eyes
The princely donor :—win her to your purpose
With soothing flattery and indulgent kindness :
She rules her lord, and Solima must yield.

Nad. Your plans in war are deeper laid than love.

Niz. In love's soft arts I'm not profoundly vers'd.

Nad. Monarchs at will may human laws reverse;
 But who shall alter the eternal laws
 Of nature, rend the inviolable ties
 That to her offspring bind the doting parent?
 No more! The conqueror of the prostrate world
 Scorns to submit to woman's wild caprice;
 My will alone shall be the law of love,
 And royal tears and beauty plead in vain.

Enter SADI.

Sad. With grief and horror I acquaint your high-
 ness,

That midst the raging tumults which prevail
 Through ev'ry street and quarter of the city,
 A num'rous body of your guards is slain*.

Nad. By Ali's tomb, for ev'ry Persian slain
 A thousand youths of Hindostan shall bleed!
 Where were your city guards—the myriads, where,
 On Karnal rang'd? Or stood they tamely by,
 And view'd, well pleas'd, the slaughter of my troops?

Sad. To that resistless height the storm is ris'n,
 It spurns all limit, and disdains control.

Nad. I'll find a method to restrain its fury.

* 2000 of the Persian guards were slain at the principal bazar.

Let messengers be instantly dispatch'd
 To the main body of the Persian army
 That lies encamp'd without the walls of Delhi,
 And twenty thousand Affghan horse be rang'd
 In the great square that fronts the palace gates,
 With sabres drawn, and ready at a signal
 To rush in vengeance on the frantic throng.
 Nizam, see thou our high commands obey'd,
 And wait my coming in th' imperial mosque,
 Whose lofty fabric, in the centre plac'd,
 From its proud dome an ampler view affords
 Of Delhi's vast extent. (*Exit Nizam.*)—Meantime,
 be thine (*to Sadi*)
 With added rigour to collect the tribute
 From every rank and age.

Sad. Alas ! dread sir,
 Bow'd with infirmity, and rack'd with pain,
 I'm no more equal to that arduous task,
 But to some abler and more active chief
 Implore your highness to consign the charge.

Nad. What ! wouldst thou plunge in twofold
 perfidy ?
 Dost thou repent thy ardour in my cause ?
 Know, when such factious rebels as thyself
 Embark in desperate schemes of high ambition,

Their daring spirits should be cloth'd in flame ;
In ev'ry chance of war, or change of fate,
To their high trust inexorably firm ;
Deaf to remorse, and steel'd against contrition !
Thou lukewarm, half-bred, conscientious villain,
Go and repent ; but, ere to-morrow dawns,
Bring me the promis'd ransom, or thy head
Shall answer, traitor, for the bold neglect. [Exit.

SADI KHAN *solus.*

Is this, Ambition, this thy glittering meed ?
Are scorn and insult the triumphal palms
Ungrateful tyrants on their tools bestow
For tarnish'd glory and extinguish'd virtue ?
Remembrance, glancing back on brighter days,
Is rack'd with torture at the rending thought.
I cannot bear the outrageous wrong, and live.
Oh, sacred honour's violated rights !
Oh, Delhi, drench'd in thy own offspring's blood !
And ye, her long illustrious progeny
Of antient kings, in war or peace renown'd,
Whose fair domains my perfidies have ruin'd,
This shall avenge your cause—these fainting limbs,
(produces a phial of poison.)
Already trembling on death's awful verge,
Require from poisonous drugs no mighty aid

To urge them forward to the dreary goal.

(drinks it off.)

'T is done—and Hindostan's at length reveng'd !

SCENE II.

After some pause, MAHOMMED SHAH, with attendants, appears in haste crossing the stage.

Is it some airy vision mocks my sight ;

Or does indeed my royal master come

To view the deep contrition of his slave ?

Oh, stay, most injur'd—most insulted prince !

Mah. Traitor ! avaunt ! begone !—my soul abhors thee !

Sad. That sound again—oh, agony to hear !

Is there no mercy in the breast of kings ?

Can no repentance wash away my crimes ?

Mah. Not while the heir of a vast empire pines
In gloomy bondage, by thy wiles betray'd.

Sad. He pines no longer.—As I pass'd the square,
Where the late vizier's lofty palace tow'rs,
(His spacious prison) I view'd th' impetuous crowd
In furious escalade the walls ascend,
Shaking the batter'd pile ; and soon thy son
Borne on the shields of a bold warlike band,
Who made the skies resound the name of Hamed !

Mah. Thanks to our holy prophet, who hath
burst

The chains that bound the heir of India's throne!—
But say, thou turbulent, aspiring chief,
Does thy presumptuous treason fill thy mind
With poignant grief, and undissembled horror?

Sad. Anguish and black remorse, alternate, shake
My shudd'ring soul; while memory stings home,
And fancy conjures up ten thousand phantoms,
Ghastly, in gleaming steel, and bath'd in blood,
Who stalk in crowds before my startled view,
Waving their spears and menacing revenge!—
How swift I feel the subtle fluid rush (*aside*)
From vein to vein, convulsing all my frame!

Mah. Thy deep repentance, from my inmost
soul

Extorts forgiveness for the black offence.
My suff'rings as a king are great—unequall'd;
Great as a father, too, my pungent grief;
But still the bleeding empire suffers more.

Sad. With prostrate reverence I accept the boon,
And in these pangs the empire is reveng'd.—
Again I burn, as nearer to my heart (*aside*)
The liquid conflagration rolls—

Mah. What say'st thou?
Thy features seem convuls'd, as if with torture.

Sad. Oh ! torture horrible—ineffable !

Your friendly aid, kind sirs.—This poison seizes
With swifter progress than I meant my life.

Mah. Poison ! What dæmon urg'd to this mad
deed ?

Sad. The dæmon *Conscience* !—She it is who
dictates

The exalted vengeance ; she, with scorpion fangs
More painful than the dire envenom'd draught,
Harrows my soul ; and, with a voice of thunder,
Bids future traitors by my fate beware. (dies.)

Mah. Unhappy victim of thy blind ambition !
Though factious, headstrong, jealous in th' extreme,
Thou hadst thy virtues ; while thy vices vanish,
Forgotten 'midst the pangs that mark'd thy end.—
Bear hence the corpse, and give it speedy burial,
With honours suited to his noble rank.

[*Exit Mahommed with attendants.*]

SCENE III.

*A pavilion in a beautiful garden, with a fountain
playing, and solemn music.*

ZUMANI, SOLIMA.

Sol. Oh ! tell me not of Hope's delusive dream,

But let each lip in dumb despair be clos'd :
 And ye, chaste virgins of the tuneful art,
 Cease to resound the strain of empty joy,
 Till Hamed, emperor of my soul, be free.

Zun. Swiftly the rolling moments glide away ;
 And every moment, on its golden wings,
 Adds to the portion that shall gain his freedom.

Sol. Ah me ! too heavily they seem to roll,
 And nought but anguish on their pinions bear.
 Methinks (for tyrants' promises are vain)
 I hear the stern barbarian's boisterous voice

(Enter Hamed at a distance unobserved.)

Denouncing vengeance for th' atrocious crime
 Of dauntless virtue and unblemish'd truth.
 I see my Hamed, circled with a band
 Of merciless tormentors, bound in chains,
 And writhing with the anguish of his wounds.

HAMED, *breaking upon them.*

I come to chase the gloom of thy despair—
 To tell thee I have burst th' oppressor's bonds—
 To strain thee to my beating heart again.

(they embrace.)

Sol. Alas ! my fears had painted other scenes,
 Dreadful and dark—the dungeon and the rack—
 And Fancy wander'd in a maze of horror.

Ham. Such thrilling accents seem'd to strike my
ear,

As slowly through yon flow'ring shrubs I press'd,
Fearful to violate your lone retreat.

How has *Zumani* borne th' incumbent weight
Of woes, at once so mighty and severe ?

Zum. Supported only by the rapturous hope
Of thy approaching liberty, I liv'd ;
And with dissembling praise, but genuine tears,
Sooth'd the relenting tyrant's savage mind.

Ham. Then I am dear as ever in thy sight ?

Zum. Dear as the life-blood circling round my
heart.

Why didst thou doubt my love ?

Ham. The treacherous guard
Told me, *Zumani*, for a guilty passion,
Had sacrificed her son.

Zum. Abandon'd ruffian !

Ham. From vague report he spoke, nor vouch'd
the fact.

Zum. He dar'd not vouch it—*Persia's* monarch
dare not.

Struck with the splendour of his twofold gift—
A crown resign'd, and liberty restor'd—
Won by the graceful majesty that reigns
Through his whole form, I vainly deem'd his mind

Of kindred fashion and congenial stamp ;
 But, on a nearer prospect, found it black
 With ev'ry monstrous crime through nature known—
 Revenge and murder, avarice and lust ;—
 His mercies fatal as th' hyæna's tears,
 The shining prelude of the deepest fraud.

Ham. Eternal blessings crown my much-lov'd
 parent !

Zum. A mother's tenderest prayers attend my son !

Sol. But, oh, my lord, this miracle explain,
 Nor let me burst with wonder and suspense.
 How !—whence !—what strange vicissitude of fortune
 Gives thee once more to my transported sight ?
 Ow'st thou thy freedom to the victor's mercy,
 Or intervening chance ?

Ham. To chance alone.—

Within these walls profoundest concord reigns ;
 But all beyond is anarchy and uproar.
 Enrag'd to madness by repeated insults,
 The people, like a vast o'erwhelming flood,
 Rush on in torrents to the crowded squares ;
 There, with what deadly weapon comes to hand,
 Infuriate, headlong, burning for revenge,
 They hurl destruction through the Persian ranks,
 Amidst the boundless carnage raging round,
 My guard was slaughter'd, and the palace storm'd,

Where Nadir's jealousy detain'd me captive.
 Instant my prison's massy gates gave way,
 A shout of frantic joy the concave rent,
 And anxious myriads bore me to thy presence.

Sol. Where is the fierce usurper?

Ham. Not far distant,

But in a different quarter, he was seen
 Where danger threaten'd in its direst form,
 Undaunted, riding in the face of death;
 But soon I'll check the tyrant's wasteful progress.
 At hand a warlike courser harness'd stands,
 And eager multitudes my coming wait
 To point their vengeance on th' astonish'd foe.

Zum. Ah! plunge not rashly in too certain ruin.

Sol. By all the softer ties of tender love,
 By the eternal union of our hearts,
 Let me conjure thee not to risque the danger!

Ham. Not risque the danger! Heav'n then guard
 my love!

I go, thy thousand insults to revenge,
 And render to my suff'ring country justice,
 Great as her woes, and public as her shame.

Zum. What will thy sabre's single force avail
 Against th' embodied phalanx of his guards?

Ham. Half slain or routed, scarce his broken
 bands

Sustain their ground amidst the furious onset
 Of men determin'd to succeed or perish ;
 Whose spur is freedom, and whose cause a phalanx.

Sol. Terror and doubt distract my wav'ring mind.
 How shall I suffer thee to rush on death ?
 How urge thee to decline the glorious effort ?

Ham. To crush the tyrant is to end the conflict—
 Through legions of the foe I'll cut my way,
 And find his heart amidst the triple steel
 That girds it round. *(going)*

Zum. Yet, yet, a while forbear !

Ham. Zumani, I'm resolv'd. To Heav'n's high
 care

I leave thee and yon idol of my soul ;
 Nor Love itself nor Fate shall longer hold me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

CHORUS OF BRAHMINS.

*A magnificent pagoda, Brahmins' sacrificing as
 before.*

1st. Brah. Propitious to the ardent vows we
 pour'd—
 From the deep caverns of the groaning earth ;

From the tumultuous ocean's rocky bed ;
From the dark chambers of the vaulted skies,
Where the fork'd lightnings sweep, and thunders
brood ;

From all the vast extent of Nature's bounds,
At SEEVA's dread behest, to Delhi rush
The mighty spirits of destruction—rouse
To horrible revenge her outrag'd sons ;
With their own fury fire each glowing bosom,
And howl amidst the storm that thickens round.

2d Brah. Ye butcher'd myriads who have drench'd
these plains

With rich o'erflowing streams of Brahmin blood ;
All whom the baneful poison's subtle fluid
Hath by slow wasting tortures sunk to death ;
All who by hunger's ling'ring pangs expir'd
In the deep dungeon's subterranean gloom ;
Or, exiles from the dear domestic roof,
Unpitied perish'd on a barb'rous shore—
Ye royal youths, descended from the Sun,
Who pass'd in slavery your corroded bloom ;
Ye hapless virgins, ere your prime deflower'd
By the dire lust of brutal ravishers,
Shout from the grave ! your suff'rings are reveng'd.
And ravag'd Hindostan will soon be free.

3d Brah. From Naugracut's vast range, and gilded
shrines,

Tow'ring in hoary grandeur mid the stars ;
From proud Varanes*, and the sacred wave
Of Ganga flowing through eternal ages ;
From Mathura's rich plains and spicy woods,
With heav'nly harpings resonant, they come !
The Gods of Hindostan, in holy pomp,
Exulting to behold the nameless wrongs
Our race have suffer'd, in the blood expung'd
Of their remorseless victors.—Strike, strike deep,
Tremendous pow'rs ! th' exterminating blow ;
And let the dread example show mankind,
That high above yon vast and blazing vault,
Upon a throne whose adamantine base
In the deep centre of surrounding worlds
By the Grand Architect is firmly fixt,
Eternal JUSTICE sits, and rules the globe !

All. Divine, ineffable, eternal triad !

Cloth'd in the terror of the midnight storm,
That sweeps the cliffs of blasted Taurus, rise !
Pursue them on the volley'd lightning's wing,
And plunge them down the fathomless abyss

* Benares.

Of Patal, where eternal darkness broods,
And furies like themselves for ever yell !

SCENE V.

The portal of the great mosque of Delhi.

NADIR SHAH is discovered with a drawn sabre in his hand at the head of his guards ; the enraged multitude pressing upon them on every side.

Nad. Stand firm, my valiant comrades of the war !
In this our last extremity stand firm,
Or all is lost. By yon eternal Sun !
The mighty fabric of my glory, rear'd
At the vast price of so much toil and blood,
Already totters on the verge of fate ;
And all the dazzling plunder you have heap'd,
The bright reward of many an arduous day,
Hangs on the desp'rate vigour of a moment !
No heralds from the camp ? No aid arriv'd ?
And has the brave Nizam a traitor prov'd ?—
For this, oh, Delhi, thou shalt feel my vengeance ;
For this lay low in dust thy tow'ring head.

The tumult increases—shouts at a distance.

Enter THAMAS, the Persian general.

Hail to the general of my gallant Persians !

Guide of my life, and partner of my glory,
Thrice welcome in this darkest hour of peril !

Thamas. Your majesty's high mandates are obey'd,
And twenty thousand of your choicest troops
Are eager for the signal to discharge
Their fury on the foe ; who, thronging round,
Show'r stones and arrows on their dauntless brows,
And bid them at the sabre's point defiance.

*(A musquet is discharged, by which an officer standing
close by Nadir is killed.)*

Aim'd at yourself the wing'd destruction came—
Thank Heav'n, that warded off the deathful blow !

Nad. How !—does Sedition raise against our life
Th' assassin's coward arm ?—Then take thy fill,
Ensanguin'd Slaughter ! glut thy thirsty spear
With carnage, ample as the bounds of Delhi ;
And let thy vultures gorge themselves with prey !

Tham. Fire off the rockets—light the blazing
signal,
The dreadful rites of Azrail to begin !

Nad. *(to his officers)* Remorseless as the fury of
your foes,
Go forth, intrepid harbingers of fate ;
Nor vain distinction show to rank or age ;
But, as the deep foundation of her walls

Were laid in blood, by human victims pour'd*,
 Let one vast crimson deluge round us roll.
 By Heav'n, in vengeance for this daring outrage,
 I'll raise a pyramid of heads, sublime
 As yon blue vault, whose soaring point shall tower
 An everlasting monument of justice,
 And teach how sacred are the lives of kings !

SCENE VI.

CHORUS OF PERSEES.

A splendid Fire-temple with a train of PERSEE priests ranged around, and apparently adoring the ascending flame.

1st Persee. From that fair region where the sacred flame,
 That burst from Heaven, through many a distant age,
 To MITHRA on a thousand altars blazed
 In gorgeous temples, towering 'mid the skies !
 But chief, imperial Balk† ! in thy proud dome
 Pour'd its full lustre and concentred rays :

* A fact asserted by Indian historians.

† The principal Fire-temple in ancient Persia, and the constant residence of the Archimagus, was at BALK, the antient BACTRA. See Hyde de Relig. Vet. Pers.

From that blest realm where Science first diffus'd
 Its orient beam, and righteous Khosro reign'd——
 Driv'n from those altars by the slaughtering swords
 Of Othman's blood-train'd chiefs, to India's shores
 Our pious fathers fled.—Down yon steep cliffs
 In frantic horror rush'd the affrighted band
 Of Persia's hoary seers, from rapine's grasp
 Bearing the glittering ensigns of our God,
 The golden censers, and the hallow'd vase
 Beaming celestial splendours, that contain'd
 The last bright remnant of the solar fire
 By fiend-like rage unquench'd. The holy blaze,
 By day their guardian, and by night their guide,
 O'er rocks and deserts wild their path illum'd,
 And to the astonish'd sons of earth flam'd forth
 A second SUN——'Twas then the illustrious race,
 From holy Brahma sprung, survey'd from far
 The radiant symbol of the star of day ;
 Bow'd to the sacred beam, and bade us hail.
 Oh ! may benignant Heav'n, for this, avert
 The black'ning storm that broods o'er Hindostan,
 Crown her with blessings, and avenge her wrongs !

2d Pers. Lord of the host of heav'n, whose my-
 riad orbs

Roll by thy nod, and sparkle with thy fire !

Hear, OROMASDES ! from that brighter sphere
Where, in the centre of encircling light,
Too pure, too radiant for created vision,
From everlasting ages thou hast dwelt—
Hear ; and with thunder strike the impious race,
Who, by the dæmon AHRIMAN impell'd
To deeds of darkness and of blood, have quench'd
Throughout thy chosen land the sacred fires,
And dash'd thy proud PYRÆIA to the ground.
While on each sacred hill, renown'd in song,
The arch-apostate's crimson'd banner waves,
And, for the hallow'd precepts of thy law,
Resound the echoes of a barbarous creed,
With death and vengeance fraught—legions of fiends,
The gloomy progeny of NIGHT and GUILT,
Are from the deep abyss of hell broke loose ;
And, on the whirlwind's wasteful pinions borne,
Tempest both earth and skies.—Terrific Pow'r !
Resistless in thy kindled vengeance, rise ;
Send forth thy flaming ministers of light,
And drive them back to their impure abode ;
There, bound in chains of adamant, to wait
The awful hour of nature's final doom,
When one vast deluge of consuming fire,
In torrents bursting from the blazing skies,
Shall purge creation, and consume thy foes !

3d Pers. Prophet of God, ZERDUSHT ! whose
sacred lips,

When, on its sphere of flame from earth upborne,

Thy soul the highest empyræum sought,

On our adoring Magi's prostrate train

A portion of thy mighty spirit breath'd—

Oh ! thou whose mystic volumes, brought from
heaven,

By Deity's immortal pen inscrib'd,

The secrets of the heary deep disclose,

Through heaven the zodiac's mighty circle trace,

The dazzling galaxy's resplendent path,

And all the wonders of revolving spheres

Unveil to raptur'd man's exploring eye—

Genius of Persia, hear ! inspire ! avenge !——

How are thy sacred oracles revil'd,

Her holiest rites by infidels profan'd !

While scarce an altar blazes to the Sun

Through all yon ravag'd realm ; each circling year

Some new oppressor brings, some direr scourge,

More black with crimes, more deeply stain'd with
blood.

Does not thy spirit, from its lofty sphere

Surveying earth, with indignation glow,

That, high on Media's mountains, blaze no more

The radiant columns of ascending flame ;

Nor in her mystic caves' profound recess
Are seen the glimmerings of the hallow'd fires,
That brightest, purest, at the midnight hour,
Shot forth to MITHRA's praise their ardent beams ?
On BAKU's plains the consecrated springs
Of burning naphtha, gleaming from afar,
No longer tempt, from Ganges' distant flood,
The hoary pilgrim at their shrines to bend ;
Where ever-wakeful Magi once ador'd
The gushing fountains of ethereal fire,
For ever flowing, like the parent stream.
When will Time's mighty cycles, rolling round,
Our nameless sufferings close ?—shall never more
The choral warblings in those rocks resound,
Those mountains rear their summits wrapt in flame ?
Tremendous morn ! by Destiny decreed
For Nature's grand catastrophe, approach ;
When, as our antient holy legends tell,
Baleful and black, the planetary train,
In redd'ning Cancer's burning vortex met,
Shall rain down plagues on this distracted globe.
Then, mid the storm of fire, 'mid nature's wreck,
To earth upon a radiant sun-beam borne,
Again, Zerdusht, shall thy dread form appear,
Rescue thy followers from the flaming mass,

The shades of NIGHT disperse, extinguish GUILT,
And ope the portals of a brighter world.

Till that dread hour arrive—at morn, at eve,

Let our united prayers to MITHRA rise,

And ceaseless songs of praise the concave rend !

End of Act IV.



ACT V. SCENE I.

The inner court of the palace, with a view of the setting sun.

MAHOMMED *solus.*

AT length thy sun, oh Hindostan ! is set ;
 And, like yon blushing orb, whose ev'ning beam
 Sheds its deep crimson o'er the western hills,
 It set in blood—but not, like that, to rise
 With brighter glory and rekindled fire !
 For, in thy darken'd hemisphere, no more
 Shall dawn the splendour of imperial greatness :
 Deeper and deeper grows the central gloom,
 And universal chaos spreads around.
 Hark ! in that groan, so dismal and prolong'd,
 A thousand of my faithful subjects pour'd
 Their souls to heaven. DEATH stalks with ample
 strides
 Through all the streets of this vast capital,
 And seems to reign upon the throne of Delhi.

Enter hastily ZUMANI and SOLIMA.

Sol. Where, midst the tenfold horrors of this day,

Where is the hope and object of my soul,
The solace of my grief, my love, my Hamed ?

Zum. Attendant angels ever hover near him,
And guard his footsteps through th' unnumber'd
perils

That threaten round !——

Mah. With thine united, rise
My fervent pray'rs. Guide of the faithful, hear
The pious vows thy own vicegerent pours ;
And may they, like a grateful off'ring, mount
To heaven's high throne !

Sol. Alas ! to me it seems
As though the skies were hostile to our cause,
And all the treasures of its hoarded wrath
Discharg'd on India and its royal house.

Mah. To wait, resign'd, its absolute decrees
Our duty bids, and may avert its vengeance ;
While impious doubts and murmurs must incense it.

Sol. Ah ! who shall rescue from impending death
The dear devoted youth my soul adores ?
The pressing danger of his fate absorbs
All other thoughts ; distracts my hurried mind,
And scarce leaves room for virtuous meditation.

Mah. Soon as I heard from fame his rash resolve,
To rush in furious onset on the foe,
A strong selected band of veteran troops

Were instantly dispatch'd, by fraud or force,
 Through ev'ry danger and at ev'ry risque,
 To bring him back and snatch him from perdition.
 Methinks yon thick'ning tumult speaks him near.

Enter HAMED, disarmed and guarded.

Ham. Off, dastards! parricides! Restore my
 sabre.

The tyrant breathes, and I'll not quit my prey.
 All other triumph's mean: his life alone
 Can satiate my keen appetite for vengeance.

Sol. 'Tis he! 'tis he himself! my long-lost Hamed!

Ham. What voice, harmonious as celestial music,
 With cherub sweetness vibrates on my ear?

Sol. A voice that bids you pause upon the brink
 Of instant ruin——

Ham. Loveliest oracle!

For ever dear, and sacred still as dear!

Sol. A voice with frequent sighs and wailings spent;
 A voice that welcomes you to love and safety.

Ham. To spotless love and rapture in these arms.

(they embrace.)

But there's no safety while this Persian lives.

The very temples are no longer safe:

The haram's rights, by savages rever'd,
 Are trampled on and spurn'd by brutal lust.

Justice and Faith have wing'd their flight to heav'n,
 And licens'd dæmons desolate the globe.

Why are my arms detain'd? Or does indeed
 A father's stern command disarm his son,
 Burning with filial love and patriot zeal?

Mah. Th' attempt were madness, and would rob
 my life

Of its main prop—

Zum. And mine of its chief boast.

Sol. But what, alas! must be my wretched fate?
 How black the years of complicated woe
 That o'er my head must roll!

Ham. 'Twas this that fir'd
 My tortur'd mind, and steel'd against th' event.
 Trusting by one decisive blow to end
 Thine and my country's woes, through slaughter'd
 hosts

I mow'd my way, and thrice my sabre fell
 Not far remote from the pale tyrant's plume;
 When these base myrmidons rush'd in between,
 Check'd my revenge, and robb'd me of my glory.

Mah. 'Twas said his army from without the walls
 Were in full march to join their fierce commander,
 And pour his wrath on these devoted towers.

Ham. We met the ruffians, but *my hands* were
 bound:

And now yon city, like a mighty wreck
 That long has been the sport of raging tempests,
 Floats in an overwhelming sea of blood.

The shrieks and groans of her expiring sons,
 Giv'n up to spoil, and slaughter unrestrain'd,
 Chill'd me with horror as I pass'd along,
 And rent my soul with grief and indignation.
 For mercy pleads in vain the lisping babe,
 Pale with affright, and clinging to the breast :
 Women of noblest rank, to kings allied,
 Are from the haram's chaste recesses dragg'd
 To wanton massacre.—Thousands, to shun
 The stern destroyer's violating rage,
 Plunge in devouring flames—a milder foe !
 Or down the dark abyss of yawning pits,
 Or wells unfathomably deep, they rush,
 Headlong, if haply they may 'scape his fury :

Mah. Oh, horrible to hear !

Zum. Where sleep thy bolts,
 All-righteous Heav'n !

Ham. More horrid still to see—
 So high were pil'd the slaughter'd carcasses ;
 Such crowds of wounded, maim'd, and bleeding
 objects,
 With stagg'ring step and wild distorted features,
 In frantic terror rush'd across our path—
 Scarce could these abject vassals of your will,
 Who tore me from the fight, force back their passage
 (*A flourish of trumpets is heard at a distance.*)

Zum. Defend us, Heav'n ! This way th' usurper
bends—

Death in his voice, and ruin in his train.
How will my Hamed shun his raging ire ?

Sol. Destruction ! whither wilt thou fly for
shelter ?

The dreadful crisis of our common fate
Seems now arriv'd ; and righteous Providence,
In mercy to intolerable woes,
Allows, at length, the catalogue to end.

Ham. Talk not of flight, my soul disdains the
thought ;

I'll stay and brave the tyrant to his face.
My sabre, villains ! render it, or die—
Or bring some deadlier weapon to dispatch him,
Keen as *my* hate, and cruel as *his* guilt.

(*A second flourish of trumpets nearer.*)

Mah. I must renounce the father, and assume
The monarch's frown.—Hence, on thy duty, hence !

Ham. No, slay me, rather ; at a parent's feet
Let me expire.

Mah. No more : bear him away
'To the remote recesses of the palace.

(*Hamed is forced off the stage.*)

You, to the haram's most secluded glooms—

(*to Zumani and Solima*)

I feel the deep dead calm despair inspires,
And will with firmness meet the vaunting foe.

[*Exeunt.*

After a small interval—Enter NADIR SHAH, MAHOMMED SHAH, and NIZAM AL MULUCK.

Nad. Say ye, the Persian honour is reveng'd?
By yon bright orb, not hecatombs of slain
Can expiate the bold outrage we have witness'd;
No: though your Ganges roll'd a purple flood!
My butcher'd soldiers shall have ample vengeance,
And their cold limbs, of sepulture depriv'd,
Bathe in luxurious tides of Indian gore.

Niz. So wide the slaughter, and so swift the flames
That with combin'd and wasteful fury spread,
Ere morning not a palace will remain,
And scarce an Indian left through Delhi's bounds,
Her antient grandeur to relate, or tell
Her sad catastrophe,

Nad. Urge me no further.
The ruin by their frantic rage incurr'd,
Vast as my just resentment shall descend,

Mah. In deep humiliation and distress,
The wretched prince and subjects of these realms
Repentant at thy dread tribunal bend,
And, though deserv'd they own thy heaviest wrath,

Implore thee, Prince, to sheathe th' avenging sabre,
Nor quite exterminate their hopeless race.

Nad. Infatuate monarch! dost thou plead their
cause

Whose son led on the bold rebellious throng;
Whose treason sought my life? Wherever found,
The bow-string shall reward his ill-tim'd valour.
Give that arch-traitor up to public justice,
Your suit is granted, and your kingdom sav'd.
Vengeance yet waits her noblest sacrifice;
But, Hamed slain, shall sheathe her reeking blade.

Niz. Now, for the full completion of my vow,
To make this haughty youth my vengeance feel!

(*aside*)

This moment through th' interior court he pass'd,
Escorted by a num'rous Indian guard.

Mah. Curse on that forward tongue! (*aside*)

Nad. Let him be seiz'd,
And put to instant death.—That hydra crush'd,
Let sounding trumpets from yon towers proclaim
That wearied Slaughter from her toil repose.

Mah. Oh! by the soul of Timur, prince, forbear!

Nad. Justice shall have its course.

Mah. Stay, fierce Nizam! (*to Nizam, going*)

Nor haste, with fatal speed, to execute
The stern command that dooms to swift destruction

My only son ! the heir of mighty kingdoms !
 Born to control the arm-thy hatred burns
 To lift in impious treason 'gainst his life !

Nad. In spite of birth or fate, this night he dies.

Mah. Cannot a father's, nor a monarch's tears
 A little respite gain ? must his gay morn
 Of life be blasted ; nor another sun
 Beam on the blooming honours of his youth ?

Nad. Mogul, we will not wholly to thy tears
 Obdurate prove :—This night we have resolv'd
 To solemnize our nuptials with the young,
 The beauteous Solima : we will not stain
 This festive evening with the blood of Hamed :
 To-morrow he shall die.

Mah. Far worse than death,
 If such thy fixt resolve, this night he suffers.

Nad. I know it well, and shall enjoy his pangs.
 To that fair princess be thyself the herald
 Of the high honour we design thy house ;
 While Deccan's valiant chief without delay
 Bears the bright olive to the sons of Delhi.

(*Exit Nadir, followed by Mahommed in a
 supplicating posture.*)

NIZAM *solus.*

To-morrow he shall die—to-morrow dawns,
 His pardon's seal'd, and my revenge is baffled

How is this mighty conqueror demean'd
 By these capricious counsels !—how unmann'd
 By love's inglorious toils the dauntless soul,
 That, towering on ambition's eagle plume,
 Seem'd to look down on all terrestrial cares,
 Save Glory's dazzling meed ! To-morrow's sun,
 By some resembling freak, perchance, may view
 Hamed enthron'd, and Deccan's chief in chains !
 But shall the friend of the great Aurengzebe,
 Who call'd this rav'ning vulture to the spoils
 Of India, tamely wait th' ignoble doom ?
 Or, like the coward Sadi, from the bowl
 Of deadly drugs extort relief ? No more—
 My soul 's resolv'd ; imperial Delhi sav'd,
 I 'll summon round me my intrepid bands,
 And on the lightning's wing tow'rd Deccan fly,
 Seize on the southern provinces that stretch
 To the vast ocean's verge, and on the wreck
 Of crumbling empire found a potent kingdom,
 That, like the fam'd Arabian bird, shall rise
 Refulgent from its parent's flaming tomb ;
 Myself give India law, and make ev'n Nadir
 Tremble on distant Persia's gorgeous throne.

[*Exit Nizam.*

Re-enter NADIR, MAHOMMED.

Mah. Dread sir, by all th'endearing ties of nature

That in thy own parental bosom glow,
 The stubborn purpose of thy soul recall!
 Slay not my son, nor to the altar drag
 Reluctant beauty.

Nad. Check thy fruitless sorrow.

That purpose is irrevocably fix'd—
 At least with beauteous Solima this night,
 Before the altar's consecrated blaze,
 To solemnize the nuptial vow : in haste,
 Explore the fair, and lead to yonder fane.

Mah. Oh! yet my agonizing feelings spare :
 The fatal tidings would convulse her frame,
 And shake the tott'ring fabric of her reason.

Nad. Be thine to mitigate the fair one's terrors ;
 Win her consent, and Hamed still may live ;
That, by my crown I swear, alone shall save him.

Mah. What would a doting father not attempt
 To save from death's dire fangs a darling son !

Nad. Tell her, The love with which my soul is fir'd
 Spurns idle forms and custom's cold constraints,
 Nor longer brooks the tortures of suspense.
 Mark, 't is my will the solemn rite be crown'd
 With all the splendours of our native East :
 The spoils of all my wars shall be display'd,
 And Persia's silks with India's glowing gems,
 Flaming on vanquish'd Night's reluctant shadows.

Shall through the gloom diffuse meridian day.
 Let music, manly, martial, and sublime,
 Roll its deep note, and loud artillery tell
 Our union with the Royal House of India.

[*Exit Mahommed.*]

Enter THAMAS, the Persian general.

Tham. Obedient to your Majesty's commands
 Our swords are sheath'd, and Persia is reveng'd ;
 Wide was the slaughter, and immense the spoil !

Nad. Of forfeit empire, and a crown restor'd,
 Is the vast ransom paid ?

Tham. To the last jewel
 India's exhausted treasury is drain'd ;
 All her accumulated wealth is ours ;
 And for more safety to the camp convey'd.

Nad. Then give a loose to mirth and festive revel :
 To-night, with high solemnities, we wed
 A princess of the house of Aurengzebe
 Renown'd through ev'ry clime.

Tham. Heaven bless the choice,
 And send your union happy as illustrious !

Nad. That rite perform'd, our rapid course we steer
 Towards Persia, to chastise th' invading Turk.
 With diligence let Delhi's streets be clear'd
 Of the dead bodies of the slaughter'd Indians ;

Let sounding clarions' sprightly notes proclaim
 To all her citizens our wrath appeas'd,
 And not a sigh be heard to damp our joys. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An apartment of the haram.

ZUMANI, SOLIMA.

Zum. Where shall we screen thee from his dark
 designs?

The emperor has declar'd how firm a tone
 The tyrant us'd—how resolute, this night,
 To celebrate the rite thy soul abhors;
 And heralds with fresh summons are arriv'd,
 Who say, the jewel'd circlet for thy brow,
 Rich with half Asia's wealth, already pours
 Its sun-like splendours through th' illumin'd fane;
 The altar burning, and the priests in waiting.

Sol. Not all his menaces—nor jewel'd crown,
 Nor burning altar, nor attending priests,
 Shall make me quit this spot.

Zum. Though tortur'd Hamed
 Lay stretch'd and gasping on the rack before me,
 Scarce could I urge thee, on such hateful terms,
 His life to rescue from impending fate.

Sol. For Hamed with what transport would I
brave

Hunger and pain, and all the nameless ills
That bow the wretched, and make life a burthen !
But to be wedded to so base a tyrant,
The merciless invader of my country,
Makes nature shudder, and ev'n death with tortures,
Were I alone to bear the vengeful blow,
Far more desirable.

Zum. Why was I plac'd
On grandeur's glittering steep to be the sport
Of direr pangs ?—in grief alone supreme !
A wretched Queen and a distracted Mother !

Sol. Thy anguish pierces through my inmost soul ;
While love and terror for the prince confound
My wild ideas till they float in madness.

Zum. Exhausted by these various scenes of woe,
I feel, with thee, my stagg'ring reason fail,
While all the dawning virtues of my Hamed
Rush on my view.

Sol. Repeat not that lov'd name,
That melts in fatal tenderness my soul ;
Nor say how good he was—how fond, how true
He *was* ; for now, perhaps, this fierce avenger,
Enrag'd by slighted love, hath seal'd his doom.

Zum. Alas ! for thee that dreadful task is left.

Sol. And must I be the murd'rer of his youth ?
 The baleful cause that, in his loveliest bloom,
 With ev'ry nobler virtue wide expanding
 Its radiant blossoms to th' admiring world,
 He sinks, untimely, to the barren grave :—
 Or shall I rob him of my pledg'd affection,
 In infant years betroth'd, and since confirm'd
 With mutual vows attested by the skies;
 And give it to you fierce unfeeling ruffian ?

Enter MAHOMMED SHAH in haste.

Mah. The awful moment, fraught with life or
 death

To Hamed, is arriv'd.

Sol. Does he still live ?

Mah. Yet trembling on the verge of fate he stands,
 And waits his destiny from thy resolve.

Sol. Indeed ! Methought but now his injur'd
 shade (looking wildly)

Glanc'd swiftly by, and with low falt'ring voice
 Bade me be constant to my virgin vow.

Mah. Oh ! would to heav'n that vow had ne'er
 been plighted !

Sol. And do you then repent your partial fondness
 To Aurengzebe's ill-fated progeny ?

Zum. Doubt'st thou our fondness ? Did we not in-
 tend thee

The highest boon parental love could grant,
Or regal power bestow—our only son !

The very crown we wear ?

Sol. (*after some pause*) I know, I feel it,
And will my boundless gratitude evince
By yielding to the tyrant's hard conditions.
What though of India's promis'd throne bereav'd,—
Still, Persia's diadem shall deck my brow,
While, richly blazing, her imperial plume
Waves with more pomp, and flames with brighter
gems.

Mah. And dar'st thou risque th' event to save my
son ?

Sol. If, by that sacrifice, I may insure
A life more valued than my own—*I dare.*

Mah. By that most solemn and tremendous oath
No mussulman dare break, th' invader swore,
If at the altar he receiv'd thine hand,
Hamed should gain both life and liberty.

Sol. Then at that altar shall this *hand* be giv'n.
My *heart*, by bands indissoluble bound,
Strong as the chain of fate, shall still be Hamed's.

Zum. Oh, wondrous effort of heroic goodness !

Mah. For this the grateful everlasting vows
Of India and her Royal House attend thee !

Sol. Conduct me swift, ere thought and reason fail,

And like the sacred victim doom'd to slaughter,
 Adorn'd with festive garlands let me go,
 A willing sacrifice at Hymen's shrine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*A grand saloon splendidly decorated, with preparations
 for the marriage.*

NADIR SHAH, THAMAS KHAN, and Officers.

Nad. Has glory led us to this distant clime
 To be the sport of women's insolence?
 Let other heralds be dispatch'd in haste
 To urge this stubborn beauty's swift obedience.

Enter MAHOMMED SHAH.

Hadst thou but for a moment's longer space
 Delay'd to bring my tortur'd mind relief,
 Thy son had died.

Mah. That sacred faith forbids;
 For now success hath crown'd each sanguine hope,
 And Solima, in bridal vestments deck'd,
 Hastes to receive a sceptre at thy hands,
 And with due homage hail her lord and husband.

Nad. A thousand thousand thanks. The mighty
 work

Of Love and Glory is at length complete ;
 And yonder, radiant as the star of eve,
 The Queen of Beauty comes.—Angelic sweetness !
(to Solima)

Enter ZUMANI, SOLIMA, with Brahmins at a distance.

The sovereign of this heart thou long hast reign'd ;
 O'er Persia's realms assume as ample sway,
 And shine her fairest queen. Let me conduct thee
 To yon bright altar's blaze.—

(attempting to seize her hand, she withdraws it.)

Sol. Hold, sir : this hand,
 Demanded with such arrogance of triumph,
 Is not *yet* thine.

Nad. How !—Dost thou then repent ?

Sol. Ere I resign it, let the terms of union
 Be rightly understood.

Nad. The terms are brief :—
 By yielding to my urgent suit thou sav'st
 A rival's life, and India's youthful heir.

Sol. Say by what right thou couldst destroy that
 life.

Nad. Th' acknowledg'd right of Kings.

Sol. Of Tyrants rather.

Nad. The right of conquest.

Sol. Of usurp'd dominion.

Nad. The right which self-defence and nature
give

To crush the traitor who our death conspir'd.

Sol. To lift the sword against the public robber,
The spoiler of our country, is not treason,
But virtue of that high ennobling sort
As certain immortality to stamp
On the bold arm that rais'd it.

Nad. Death and fury!

Drag him away to speedy execution—

But first with tortures rend each quivering limb.

Zum. Horror of horrors! Oh, by bleeding pity—

Sol. Stern Nadir, yet suspend thy bloody man-
date.

Nad. Name him no more with pity or applause,
Nor throw a gloom o'er this bright festive eve,
That gives thee, thus reluctant, to my love.

Wouldst thou arrest th' uplifted arm of vengeance,
Be quick, resolve—

Sol. I came to thee *resolv'd!*

And well had weigh'd the terms; but wounded me-
mory

Glanc'd o'er past horrid scenes, and from its cen-
tre

Drove my bewilder'd mind. If thou wilt swear
By the most awful vow that binds the faithful—

*This hand with thine in sacred union join'd,
Shall rescue him from death, and give him freedom,—
'Tis thine.—*

*(Taking the volume of the koran from the priest,
he raises it reverently to his forehead.)*

Nad. On our koran's most hallow'd page
I swear it shall : but wilt *thou* be most faithful ?

Sol. The chastest, faithful'st wife that ever plighted
Her maiden truth to man ; nor virgin snow,
Nor icy Death, that chains our wandering thoughts,
And bids the tide of passion cease to roll,
Shall be more pure from blemish.

(both approach the altar.)

Nad. Rapt'rous hope !
Dear beyond fame or sceptres—kneeling thus,
Supreme of human blessings, I receive
Th' inestimable boon.

*(The mullah, or priest, here solemnly unites
their hands.)*

Sol. *(after some pause.)* Rise, mighty Nadir !
Nor let the conqueror of the world be found
Fixt at a woman's feet.

Nad. 'T is *here*, sweet Solima, 'tis *here* alone,
I triumph in the plenitude of glory.

Sol. This vow perform'd, another still remains,
Of far more awful and momentous nature ;

A vow whose full accomplishment alone
Can seal the firm fidelity I promis'd.

Nad. What vow more awful can thy soul have
form'd ?

Sol. Thy eager grasp so closely locks my hand
It gives me pain—release it for a moment.

Nad. Ten thousand kisses let me first imprint
On its unsullied whiteness.

Sol. Now be present,
Immortal shade of my great ancestor ! (*aside.*)
With all thy spirit animate my bosom,
And with redoubled vigour nerve this arm.—
Thus—thus, barbarian, I fulfil my promise
OF WEDDED PURITY AND BRIDAL FAITH !

(*drawing a concealed dagger, she stabs herself.*)

This is that *greater* hymeneal vow
By which my soul most solemnly was bound ;
My dearer nuptials these !
(*Hamed here violently rushing into the apartment is
stopped and seized by Nadir's guard.*)

Ham. What do I see ?
What hear “ of solemn vows and dearer nuptials ? ”
Art thou a bride ?

Sol. The sacred rite is past ;
I'm *wedded*, *Hamed*—

Ham. Wedded to yon monster ?

Sol. To the cold grave eternally betroth'd.

(faints in the arms of Zumani.)

Ham. Bloody, unfeeling ruffian ! this dire act
Thy brutal rage compell'd.

Nad. By Hell I swear,
The royal but perfidious house of India
Are all in one infernal league combin'd
To blast my hopes.—Whence com'st thou, curst
intruder ?

How, villain, wilt thou now escape my vengeance ?
(Nadir springs forward with his drawn sabre to dis-
patch Hamed, but in the act to strike pauses.)

Ham. When arm'd, I sought thee in the field of
battle ;

Unarm'd, my soul has firmness to despise thee.
Strike, tyrant, strike—my mortal wound is *there* ;
(pointing to Solima.)

Thy sabre cannot deal a blow so fatal.

Sol. *(raising herself, and looking steadfastly at*
Nadir)

Base as he is, and girded as that heart
With triple adamant, he dreads the curse
Avenging Heav'n has thunder'd on the perjurd,
And dares not strike—— *(she is borne off the stage.*
(Nadir, again attempting to strike Hamed, staggers,
and drops his sabre.)

Nad. What potent spell restrains
 My just revenge, and withers up my strength?
 (*With his eyes fixed on the ground, Nadir appears for
 some moments in the deepest mental perturbation.*)

The Brahmins advance a few paces.

1st Brah. Brahmins, our prayers are heard; all-
 righteous Heav'n

Hath struck the phrensied tyrant with dismay.
 With agony convuls'd his features writhe;
 His eyes distracted glare; while conscious guilt
 Unnerves his sinews, and his palsied arm
 Drops the keen sabre, on whose guilty edge
 Such myriads have expir'd. Before his view,
 With threatning looks, in terrible array,
 The spirits of the murder'd Delhians glide;
 Point to their mangled carcasses that lie
 Unburied on our Jumna's banks, and ring
 In his astounded ears a fearful knell.

The illustrious princes of the SEFFI race
 Start from their tombs, wave high their gleaming
 crests,

And from a base usurper's brow demand
 The ravish'd diadem.—That frantic start,
 Those bursting groans proclaim the black despair
 That preys upon his heart. Ensanguin'd chief.

Dæmon in human form ! unpitied groan :
 'T is music to the ears of raptur'd brahmins,
 Whose shrines thou hast defiled, whose altars spurn'd,
 Whose gods defied.

Nad. (*recovering*) What barbarous sounds were
 those ?

Bear from my presence that detested form,
 In deepest dungeons let him pass his youth,
 And never more behold the glorious sun:

(*Hamed is forced off the stage.*)

Ye glittering pageants of imperial pomp,

(*to Mahommed and Zumani*)

Sovereigns of humbled Hind, whose jewell'd crowns
 And triple chains of gorgeous pearl diffuse
 All the poor barren lustre that remains
 To deck the throne where once great Aurengzebe
 Gave law to half the monarchs of the globe,
 Shadows of Timur's fallen house, begone !
 Lest outraged passion, kindling into madness,
 Give the dire mandate that shall lay in dust
 This spacious edifice, these high-rais'd tow'rs,
 And sweep its worthless tenants from the earth.

(*Exeunt Mahommed and Zumani.*)

At early dawn let all our trumpets sound,

(*to his officers*)

And the loud burst of cannon through our lines

Proclaim our march to Persia's capital,
 Let Glory all her banner'd pomp unfurl,
 And the deep thunder of the battle roll
 Towards Tigris' banks, till Bagdad's bastion'd tow'rs
 Reverberate the roar, and haughty Mahmud
 Tremble on Constantine's imperial throne.

(*Exeunt all but Brahmins.*)

2d Brah. Despair and horror and the curse of
 India

Go with thee, tyrant, through thy blood-stain'd
 course !

Where'er thy banner'd eagles stretch their wings,
 Discomfiture and shame and death attend thee !
 A prophet's spirit rushes on my soul ;
 I hear thy doom pronounc'd ; I mark thy fall.
 The blackest treasured vengeance of the skies,
 Its hottest thunderbolt, incumbent, hangs
 Ready to burst on thy devoted head
 And interdicted race. The countless treasures,
 The wreck of palaces, the spoil of temples,
 The buried wealth of plunder'd sepulchres,
 Beneath whose weight the sturdy elephant
 And bending camels, an unnumber'd throng,
 Groaning, o'er barren sands their path pursue,
 Shall in the billowy Sind's devouring stream
 Be part ingulph'd ; nor shall thy sordid soul

Revel on what the hungry flood shall spare,
 Extorted by the rack, by tears, by blood.
 A thousand furies shall thy bosom wring,
 The vulture brood of avarice, that shall plant
 Eternal daggers round thy couch, and goad
 To mutual slaughter thy contending race.

3d Brah. Be mine to close the dreadful catalogue—
 The black detail of aggravated woes,
 That rise in dire succession to confound
 The sacrilegious plunderer of the shrines,
 And murd'rer of the wretched sons of Brahma.
 In wild Mazenderan's embowering glooms,
 Fit haunt for brooding treason, what bold arm
 Lanches the shaft of death? A darling son,
 His age's solace, and his empire's heir,
 Aims at a parent's life the fatal barb
 That wounds, but not destroys—the stern command
 Of vengeance issues from a parent's lips;
 His eye-balls from their bleeding sockets torn
 Expiate his crime, and leave that sire a prey
 To anguish and remorse. In vain he seeks
 In glory's toils, and midst embattled fields,
 To chase his deep despair—in vain the Turk,
 The Tartar bend beneath his iron yoke—
 In vain the tributary Oxus foams,
 His distant frontier; and the eternal snows

Of craggy Caucasus salute him lord.
Check, barbarous ravager, thy straining steed,
With carnage gorg'd, and drunk with hostile gore,
Check his dire speed——nor with insatiate rage
Lay waste surrounding realms, while all the bounds
Of thy vast empire are o'erflow'd with blood.
Even from the frozen Caspian, black with storms,
To the wide sea that laves the burning sands
Of scorch'd Carmania, nought but anarchy,
Treason, and massacre triumphant reign.
Thy wretched subjects, frantic with their wrongs,
On ev'ry side in fierce rebellion rise ;
Rage fires each heart, and vengeance nerves each
 hand
To crush the crimson'd tyrant.—ALI guides
The righteous scymitar that drinks thy blood ;
PERSIA IS FREE, AND INDIA IS REVENG'D.

END OF THE TRAGEDY.

THE
LOTOS OF EGYPT,

A P O E M.

THE
LOTOS OF EGYPT.

EMBLEM sublime of that primordial Power
That brooded o'er the vast chaotic wave*,
Accept my duteous homage, holy flower !
As in thy fav'rite flood my limbs I lave.

From Æthiopia's lofty mountains roll'd,
Where Nile's proud stream through gladden'd Egypt
pours,
In raptur'd strains thy praise was hymn'd of old,
And still resounds on Ganges' faithful shores.

Within thy fair Corolla's full-blown bell †
Long since th' immortals fix'd their fond abode ;
There day's bright Source, Osiris, lov'd to dwell,
While by his side enamour'd Isis glow'd.

* It is the nature of this celebrated aquatic plant to keep its expanded leaves perpetually floating on the surface of the water. The flower gradually unfolds itself with the rising, and closes with the setting, SUN.

† To readers, not conversant with the Linnæan vocabulary, it may be necessary to observe, that, by the COROLLA, is meant that more delicate interior covering formed of the *flowers* of the plant, while its exterior covering, or CALYX, is formed of its *leaves*.

Hence, not unconscious to his orient beam,
 At dawn's first blush thy shining petals spread ;
 Drink deep th' effulgence of the solar stream,
 And, as he mounts, still brighter glories shed.

When, at their noontide height, his fervid rays
 In a bright deluge burst on Cairo's spires,
 With what new lustre then thy beauties blaze,
 Full of the God, and radiant with his fires !

Brilliant thyself in stole of dazzling *white*,
 Thy sister-plants more gaudy robes infold ;
 This flames in *purple*,—that, intensely bright,
 Amid th' illumin'd waters *burns in gold**.

To brave the tropic's fiery beam is thine,
 Till in the distant west his splendors fade ;
 Then, too, thy beauty and thy fire decline,
 With morn to rise, in lovelier charms array'd.

Thus, from Arabia borne, on golden wings,
 The Phœnix on the Sun's bright altar dies† ;

* The Lotos of Egypt, the proper subject of this poem, has a beautiful white flower. There are two other species ; the one bears a bright purple, the other an intensely-yellow flower.

† The Phœnix was considered, antiently, as a symbol of the Lotos ; both springing to new life from the bed on which their ashes were deposited.

But, from his flaming bed, refulgent, springs,
And cleaves, with bolder plume, the sapphire skies.

What mystic treasures, in thy form conceal'd,
Perpetual transport to the sage supply ;
Where Nature, in her deep designs reveal'd,
Aves wondering man and charms th' exploring
eye.

In thy prolific vase, and fertile seeds,
Are trac'd her grand regenerative pow'rs* ;
Life, springing warm, from loath'd putrescence
breeds,
And lovelier germs shoot forth, and brighter flow'rs.

* This plant, says a great mythologist, grows in the water ; and, amongst its broad leaves, puts forth a flower, in the centre of which is formed the *seed-vessel*, shaped like a bell or inverted cone, and punctuated on the top with little *cavities* or *cells*, in which the seeds grow to maturity, decay, and again shoot forth : for, the orifices of these cells being too small to let the seeds drop out, when ripe, *new plants* germinate in the places where they were formed, the bulb of the vessel serving as a *matrice* to nourish them, until they acquire such a degree of magnitude as to burst it open and release themselves ; after which, like other aquatic weeds, they take root wherever the current deposits them. This plant, therefore, being *thus productive of itself*, and vegetating from its own *matrice*, without being fostered in the earth, was naturally adopted as the symbol of the productive power of the Deity upon the waters. See Mr. Knight's *Phallic Worship*, p. 85.

Nor food to the enlightened mind alone ;
 Substantial nutriment thy root bestow'd* ;
 In famine's vulture fangs did Egypt groan,
 From thy rich, bounteous, horn† abundance flow'd.

Hence the immortal race in Thebes rever'd
 Thy praise the theme of endless rapture made,
 Thy image on a hundred columns rear'd,
 And veil'd their altars with thine hallow'd shade.

But, far beyond the bounds of Afric borne,
 Thy honours flourish'd 'mid Thibetian snows ;
 Thy flow'rs the Lama's gilded shrines adorn‡,
 And Brahme and Budha on thy stalk repose.

* The Egyptians fed on the roots, which are said, by Herodotus, to grow to the size and form of an apple ; and they made a kind of bread of the seeds, dried in the sun, and afterwards baked. *Herodot. Euterpe, cap. 92.*

† The stalk and seed-cup together nearly resemble a *cornucopia*, and might possibly have furnished the antients with their first idea of that sculptural ornament : it is far more likely to have done so than the horn of Amalthea, a more recent Greek fable.

‡ The principal deity in Thibet, Mr. Turner informs us, is the same as the Buddha of Bengal. The Hindoos make frequent pilgrimages to the sacred places in Thibet, and the Thibetians regard and visit, with holy reverence, Benares and other sacred cities of Hindostan. In the ninth Indian Avatar, Buddha is represented sitting in the expanded calyx of the Lotos, as Brahma, in the Hindoo cosmo-

Where'er fair Science dawn'd on Asia's shore,
 Where'er her hallow'd voice Devotion rais'd,
 We see thee graven on the glowing ore,
 And on a thousand sparkling gems emblaz'd.

Child of the Sun, why droops thy with'ring head
 While high in Leo flames thy radiant sire ?

With Egypt's glory is thy glory fled,
 And with her genius quench'd thy native fire ?

Ah ! direr than her desert's burning wind,
 Gaul's furious legions sweep yon ravag'd vale ;
 Death stalks before, grim famine howls behind,
 And screams of horror load the tainted gale.

Nile's crimson'd waves, with blood polluted roll,
 Her groves, her fances, devouring fire consumes ;
 But mark,— slow rising near the distant pole,
 A sudden splendour all her shores illumes,

gony, is also pourtrayed on those sculptures that represent what is directly denominated the *LOTOS CREATION*, to distinguish it from other creations in their extensive system of the formation and destruction of worlds. The sacred plant of the Ganges, however, in some respects differs from that of the Nile. Still the object of veneration is the *LOTOS*. Whence has arisen this marked resemblance in the theological opinions of two nations, so remote from each other ; whence, but by tradition from their common ancestors ?

Fatal to Gaul, 'tis Britain's Rising Star
 That, in the south, the bright ascendant gains,
 Resplendent as her Sirius shines from far,
 And with new fervours fires the Libyan plains.

A race, as Egypt's antient warriors brave,
 For her insulted sons indignant glows,
 Defies the tropic storm, the faithless wave,
 And hurls destruction on their haughty foes.

Exulting to his source old Nilus hears
 The deep'ning thunder of the British line,
 Again its lovely head the Lotos rears,
 Again the fields in rainbow glories shine.

Still wider, beauteous plant, thy leaves extend,
 Nor dread the eye of an admiring muse ;
 In union with the rising song ASCEND,
 Spread all thy charms and all thy sweets diffuse !

Of that bold race, beneath the Pleiads born,
 To chant thy praise a northern bard aspires,
 Nor with more ardour, erst, at early dawn,
 The Theban minstrels smote their votive lyres.

For, oh ! can climes th' excursive genius bound ?
No,—'mid Siberia bursts the heav'n-taught strain ;
At either pole the muses' songs resound,
And snows descend and whirlwinds rage in vain.

Four thousand summers have thy pride survey'd,
Thy Pharaoh's moulder in thy marble tombs ;
Oblivion's wings the pyramids shall shade,
But thy fair family unfading blooms.

Still, 'mid these ruin'd tow'rs, admir'd, rever'd,
Wave high thy foliage, and secure expand ;
These vast but crumbling piles by man were rear'd,
But thou wert form'd by an Immortal hand.

With Nature's charms alone thy charms shall fade,
With Being's self thy beauteous tribe decline ;
Oh ! living, may thy flow'rs my temples shade,
And decorate, when dead, my envied shrine.

GENIUS,

A POEM.

G E N I U S,
A POEM;
CONTAINING AN APOLOGY FOR ITS
ERRORS AND ECCENTRICITIES :

WRITTEN FOR THE
ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY FUND, MAY 8, 1806*.

Recited by Charles Tweedie, Esq.

WHEN Man's majestic form, at Nature's birth,
Rose, newly fashion'd, from the teeming earth,
Pleased with his noblest work, th' Eternal Sire
A portion of his own ethereal fire
Breathed on the senseless mass :—the kindling clay
Felt the pure flame, and bounded at the ray.
But *Life* with myriad humbler forms he shared,
For MAN a nobler boon his hand prepared ;

* These verses having been considerably *curtailed*, for the purpose of recitation, are here given at length ; and on that account they may possibly appear more connected and appropriate than when spoken, though delivered with all that peculiar energy and spirit which distinguish the gentleman who undertook the kind office of recitation.

He gave him *Reason's* powers, and thro' his soul
 Bade the warm current of the *Passions* roll :
 Almighty GENIUS, then, that hand bestow'd,
 And all his features with the Godhead glow'd.

Uninjur'd, unimpair'd, by age or clime,
 Bright as the Sun, and as its source sublime,
 While Time's uncounted cycles roll away,
 Fervid, immortal, flames its hallow'd ray.

Soul of the daring thought, and glowing lyre,
 What shall repress its *rage*, or damp its fire !
 Unchanged by climate—at the burning' line,
 With warmth congenial glows the Spark divine ;
 Mid Scythia's snows the tropic heat displays,
 And pours through Lapland glooms its ardent blaze.
 Now, where parch'd Afric's burning sands extend,
 And raging Cancer's glowing beams descend,
 In dauntless Hannibal its fires behold,
 Who o'er proud Rome the Punic thunder roll'd ;
 'Twas Genius o'er the Alps his standard bore,
 And purpled Cannæ with patrician gore !
 Now, mid the darkness of the frozen pole,
 Behold those fires inflame great Peter's soul.
 With daring schemes of high ambition fraught,
 What vast conceptions fill his labouring thought !

Of boundless empire——midst a trackless wild,
The haunt of savages, with blood defil'd!——
The stern Lycurgus forms the mighty base,
And glows to civilize a barbarous race ;
In barren swamps bids tow'ring cities rise,
And Science bloom beneath Siberian skies ;
With verdure clothes the rock's incumbent brow,
While at his feet th' eternal forests bow ;
O'er half the Arctic circle spreads his reign,
And with new navies crowds th' astonish'd main.

E'en Slavery's bonds its radiant beams illumè,
And penetrate the dungeon's deepest gloom ;
Hear laughing Terence pour his comic strains,
Hear fabling Æsop warbling in his chains ;
By Genius fired, Columbus spreads his sails,
And a new world the adven'trous chieftain hails,
By Genius led along the stormy shore,
Where round the Cape the thund'ring surges roar,
And raging hurricanes its surface sweep,
Undaunted Gama ploughs the Indian deep.
How bright in Nelson glow'd its ardent flame !
What splendours blaze, round Pitt's unrival'd name !
Immortal patriots ! o'er whose honour'd bier
Virtue and Britain shed th' unceasing tear !

O'er subject earth and seas 'tis GENIUS reigns,
And rolls the planets through yon azure plains.

No grov'ling native of this nether sphere,
The radiant child of Heav'n's eternal year !
Beyond the flight of vulgar thought he springs,
Nor human laws restrain his eagle wings ;
But chief the Critic's frigid rules he spurns,
And with his own immortal ardour burns.

To all his bold eccentric darings kind,
The proud excesses of a lofty mind,
Those errors that from burning feelings flow,
When high the spirits, warm the pulses glow,
Nor wholly overlook, nor nicely scan—
And for his GODLIKE talents spare the MAN.
Oh ! in no mean terrestrial balance weigh
The GOOD or ILL that marks his brilliant day ;
But in that lofty balance hung on high,
For ever blazing in HIS native sky !
'Tis only in celestial *Libra* weigh'd,
GENIUS, thy dazzling merits are display'd.

Reflect—through all the radiant march of time,
Whatever great, or daring, or sublime,

Fills the vast volume of recording fame,
From GENIUS sprang, and hallow'd be its flame !

As the bright Phœnix at the solar beam
Drinks life and vigour from its parent stream,
The Phœnix GENIUS at a fount more bright
Quaffs the pure blaze, and beams reflected light.
Like watchful Magi guard the virgin fire,
Nor let its blaze in *penury* expire !

Would daring mortals check his bright career,
And chain to earth a native of the sphere ?
Go, the sweet influence of the Pleiads bind,
Bid their mild radiance cease to bless mankind ;
Or vast Orion with thy nod control,
And loose Arcturus from the gleaming pole ;
The madd'ning whirlwind of the South restrain,
And with thy plummet sound the unfathom'd main,—
When Nature thus obeys thy ruling hand,
Then bend proud GENIUS to thy stern command.

Think'st thou that HE, whose soul delighted
 strays
In the bright tract where circling planets blaze,
Who richer treasures than Peru can boast,
Or glow on wealthy India's rubied coast,

Will bend HIS spirit of immortal birth,
 To heap the treasured dross of shining earth ?
 Perish the thought !—Who sings the rolling sphere,
 And paints the beauties of the vernal year,
 Should taste, *unbought*, those bounties which it brings,
 And all the sweets his muse enraptur'd sings ;
 For him, with Nature's richest dainties stored,
 Let pamper'd Grandeur spread the sumptuous board ;
 For him the Summer's golden fruits should glow,
 And the rich torrent of the vintage flow :
 Who to the banquet gives its genuine zest,
 For *him, him only* should the grape be prest.

Yours is the sacred charge, by Heav'n assign'd,
 On earth to cherish this proud *Child of Mind*.
 That charge how glorious ! how sublime the trust !
 To Heav'n be faithful,—and to Man be just.
 Guard this rich gem of the celestial mine,
 And bid its light to latest ages shine.
 Behold, with all the glow of Genius fir'd,
 For letters with unbounded zeal inspir'd,
 That PRINCE—whose heart beats high for Britain's
 fame,
 And bounds at Liberty's transporting name,
 On Heav'n-born Talent sheds a cheering ray,
 Auspicious promise of a brighter day !

Nor unrequited shall his bounty stream—
GENIUS rolls back the bright reflected beam ;
For cherish'd fires confers sublime renown,
And with new glories gilds the British Crown.
Foster'd by You,—beneath these frozen skies,
I see new SHAKESPEARES, SPENSERS, MILTONS rise.
I hear new DRYDENS, but in manlier strain,
Resound some future GEORGE's glorious reign ;
And other JONES's, if the Fates are kind,
With all their talents, all their fires combin'd,
In Orient climes uphold the British name,
And bless the FUND that nurs'd their rising flame.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE AUTHOR intended to have added to the preceding effusions the ELEGIAC VERSES, which, at the desire of friends too partial to his Muse, he is composing on the Death of the late Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT, who has had fewer tributes of that kind paid to his memory than so illustrious a Character deserved. The reason is obvious. To do full justice to the distinguished virtues, the exalted genius, the vast political projects of such a man as MR. PITT, required no common labour and exertion, and is the *real* cause that they are not *now* presented to the reader. In the intended Poem, however, of RICHMOND HILL, those verses will be inserted with peculiar propriety; when the Muse on her wide-expanded wing, traversing the delightful county of Surry, after visiting the monastic ruins of MERTON, and paying her respects to the memory of the immortal NELSON, shall reach the environs of PUTNEY, where, alas! too soon succeeding his friend, the illustrious PITT expired. Of that production, which is intended to be on a magnificent scale, the annexed Account and Prospectus are respectfully submitted to the indulgent Public.

Shortly will be Published, by Subscription,

DECORATED WITH ENGRAVINGS,

RICHMOND HILL;

A

DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL POEM:

INTENDED TO BE ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTS VIEWED FROM

THAT BEAUTIFUL EMINENCE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.

CONDITIONS.

I. RICHMOND HILL will be printed at the Press of W. Bulmer and Co. in a similar manner with GROVE HILL.

II. The ancient Palace at Richmond, erected by Hen. VII. and engraved by Hollar, will form the Frontispiece; and one other plate at least will be given in the course of the work.

III. Subscriptions at One Guinea will be received by Mr. Bulmer, Shakespeare Printing-Office; Mr. White, Fleet-street; and the Author, at the British Museum.

ARGUMENT.

THE tumult of war, and the ravages caused by ambition, contrasted with those images of rural tranquillity and abundance suggested by the subject.—Apostrophe to the Genii who may be presumed to guard the haunts of Britain's departed Kings.—Dedication of the Poem to Lord Viscount SIDMOUTH, resident in Richmond Park.—General view of objects from RICHMOND HILL, including the Royal Gardens—compared with the most celebrated hills of antiquity.—Richmond the PARNASSUS, and its vale the TEMPE, of Britain.—Poets who have preceded the Author in describing their beauties, and those of the adjoining districts—Denham—Pope—Thomson—Collins—Gray.—Historical retrospect on the glorious actions of those ancient princes who were born, or flourished, at Richmond—Henry the Third, the Fifth, and the Seventh; the last of whom erected the ancient palace, of which an engraved plate from Holzar forms the Frontispiece—ELIZABETH—the ancient Palace of RICHMOND described—its gaudy decorations in painting and sculpture, descriptive of the wars and triumphs of its early princes, and the athletic games of the ancient Britons.—The ancient and renowned Monastery of Sheen, founded by Henry V. described.—Gothic Architecture.—Painted windows, roofs, and walls.—Grandeur of the Roman Catholic worship, especially in the circumstance of music.—The neighbouring convent and beautiful groves of STON.—Henry VIII.—his sanguinary atrocities stigmatized—Induced by his boundless profusion, rather than any real zeal for religion, he seizes on the monasteries, and confiscates their immense treasures.—The distractions and distress

consequent among an order of men who, in many instances, however reprehensible their superstition, were the patrons, and their abodes the depositaries, of SCIENCE—Those at SHEEN and SION more particularly described.—The glory of SHEEN revived when it became the residence of the illustrious TEMPLE—SWIFT—STELLA—and of SION, when inhabited by the noble families of PERCY and MARLBOROUGH.—The evening prospect from RICHMOND HILL—WIMBLEDON, EARL SPENCER—CHISWICK, DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE—MERTON ABBEY, LORD NELSON—PUTNEY, MR. PITT—with appropriate elegiac lines on the death of that great statesman, who expired at Putney in January 1806—HAMPTON COURT, CARDINAL WOLSEY—WINDSOR CASTLE.—The whole concluding with a view of the NEW PALACE, erected by his present MAJESTY—and a fervent address to the DEITY for the restoration of the blessings of PEACE to desolated Europe.

SHEEN.

IN times when barbarous Superstition reign'd,
 And Rome's resplendent rites the soul enchain'd,
 At SHEEN, in all its bright insignia drest,
 Where prostrate kings the hallow'd pavement prest,
 And mitred priests, while rapt Devotion gaz'd,
 On high the consecrated chalice rais'd;

How radiant blaz'd the altar's cherish'd fire !
 How grand the Music of the swelling quire !
 Now o'er some valiant chief, in battle slain,
 Symphonious flow'd the solemn dirge-like strain,
 While o'er his dust, with funeral pomp inurn'd,
 The glimmering lamp of midnight vigil burn'd.
 Now, in resounding chorus, roll'd along
 The full o'erflowing tide of sacred song ;
 A hundred burning censers breathe perfume ;
 A hundred tapers light the blazing dome,
 On wings of fire the fervid soul ascends,
 And tow'rds its parent source enraptur'd bends.
 The beaten cymbals and deep-chorded shell
 Sound to the sacred trumpet's solemn swell ;
 Their powerful aid unnumber'd voices join,
 And loud Hosannas rend the vaulted shrine.

Refulgent blaz'd the pictur'd roofs, array'd
 In all the dazzling pomp of light and shade,
 While gold and azure charm'd th' admiring eyes,
 And cherubs floated in cerulean skies.
 A master's hand had sketch'd the bold design,
 The fire of genius mark'd each glowing line,
 Devotion's radiant symbols flam'd above,
 The dazzling wonders of Redeeming Love—

The star that, sparkling with unrivall'd rays,
 O'er humble BETHLEM* shed its hallow'd blaze—
 The Dove, refulgent with the silver wings,
 That hovering paus'd o'er Jordan's sacred springs,
 And, settling on the Saviour's lowly head,
 Bright as ten thousand suns, its glories shed—
 All that in faith transports, in virtue charms,
 All that in guilt the shudd'ring soul alarms,
 Heaven's awful visions, bursting on the sight,
 In rays that glow'd insufferably bright,
 From the proud roofs and pictur'd windows stream'd,
 And through the dome in rainbow glory beam'd.

* The Monastery of SHEEN was denominated by the founder, Henry the Fifth, "The House of Jesus of Bethleem at Sheen;" (see Dugdale:) these emblematic devices, therefore, though the invention of the poet, may well be presumed to have formed a part of its decorations.

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